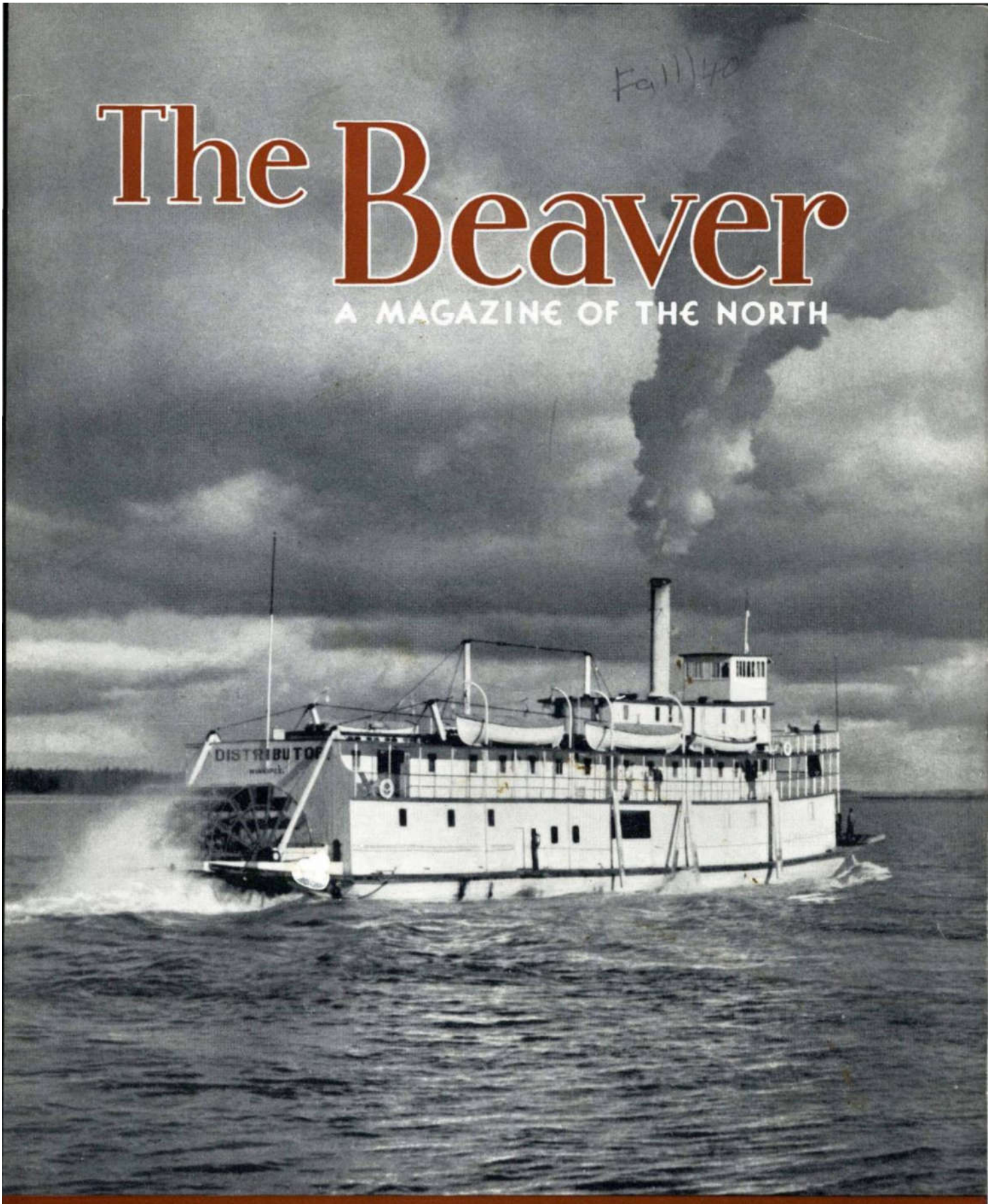
Fall/40

The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



OUTFIT 271
SEPTEMBER 1940

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

Joe Pipesmoker FINDS PIPE PLEASURE

UGH!!
PIPE TOBACCO
TOBACCONIST
A GOOD TOBACCO? I'D RECOMMEND IMPERIAL MIXTURE IN THIS NEW VACUUM TIN.
JUST A TWIST OF A COIN AND PRESTO--- YOU SMELL FRESH MELLOW TOBACCO.
PFFT
IMPERIAL
SEE!! IT'S JUST A HANDY POCKET SIZE.
GOOD EVENING, JOAN. I'VE GOT BIG NEWS FOR YOUR FATHER.
IMPERIAL MIXTURE! WHY JOE I'VE BEEN ENJOYING PIPE PLEASURE FROM THAT TOBACCO FOR THIRTY YEARS.
IMPERIAL MIXTURE

More popular than ever!

CANADA'S MOST FAMOUS TOBACCO

IMPERIAL MIXTURE

IN A NEW HANDY POCKET SIZE VACUUM FRESH TIN

ALSO IN HALVES AND POUNDS

THE BEAVER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

OUTFIT 271 SEPTEMBER 1940 NUMBER 2

CONTENTS

H B C Sternwheeler S.S. "Distributor" on the Mackenzie River ..... Cover
Fall Packet 4
The Company in Winnipeg—Margaret Arnett McLeod 6
Preacher and Printer—Rev. J. A. Cormie, D.D. 12
Peter Pekangekum 15
High North Low-Down—D. A. Wilderspin 16
Eskimo Children—R. L. Sutton 18
Old Port Simpson—Marius Barbeau 20
The Art of Arthur Heming—W. J. Phillips, R.C.A. 24
The Mad Wolf at Churchill—Mrs. George R. Ray 30
Lord Selkirk's Ghost Writer—W. S. Wallace 31
Fort Nisqually Restored—Alfred L. Gehri 34
Northwest Passage Mail 36
Letters from Letitia Hargrave—A. A. W. Ramsay 37
On the Trail of Sir George—Jean H. MacDonald 40
Peace River Pagans—Axel Nielsen 44
Book Reviews 47
News of the Fur Trade 49
Wild Swans Silhouetted—Lorene Squire 51
Northern Lights—James Simpkins 53

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE — Hudson's Bay Company. — WINNIPEG, CANADA

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

Fall Packet

Starring H B C

The Company these days is much in the limelight—or perhaps we should say the Kleig lights. It is playing its part in no less than three major moving pictures, two of them now in production, the other almost finished.

For three years, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation has been searching for a screenable story based on some period in the Company's long history. Several writers have tried their hands at it, but it has remained for Lamarr Trotti—author of *Young Mr. Lincoln*, *Alexander Graham Bell*, and many other successful pictures, —to find the magic formula.

He has chosen the earliest period of all—the four years preceding the signing of the Charter. An idealized Radisson, played by that gifted star, Paul Muni, is the hero. Groseilliers, depicted as a good-natured giant, is played by the new Hollywood "find," Laird Cregar. Vincent Price, who so ably filled the role of Prince Albert opposite Helen Hayes' Victoria Regina, has been cast as Charles II. Nigel Bruce plays a Prince Rupert who is possibly more genial than the original; and John Sutton is a fictitious young English nobleman, Lord Crewe, who shares the hero's honours with Radisson. The female leads are taken by Gene Tierney as Lady Barbara, Crewe's beloved; and Virginia Field as Nell Gwyn.

Production started August 5 on location in Idaho, and is now being continued on the lot in Beverly Hills. Kenneth MacGowan, who conceived the idea of an H B C picture from a label on some Hudson's Bay whisky, is the producer. Irving Pichel is the director.

To assist in making the picture as authentic as is possible within the bounds of dramatic sequence and box-office interest, the Company has on several occasions sent a representative to the Fox studios, where he has discussed the script and chosen costumes and properties. While he was in Hollywood, he was enabled by Mr. De Mille to watch some of the scenes being shot in *North West Mounted Police*, a Paramount picture in technicolour. The story deals with the 1885 Rebellion, and like the Hudson's Bay picture is somewhat fictional. Gary Cooper takes the lead as a Texas ranger, and Madeleine Carroll as a nurse. The action takes place partly in Carlton House, where police were quartered with Hudson's Bay men, and which was burned by the rebels. A neat little model of Carlton was made for incendiary purposes, but part of the fort was constructed full size. The picture will have its world premiere, attended by the stars, in Regina about Thanksgiving.

The third picture is a big British production called *49th Parallel*—that being the boundary line joining Canada and the States between Vancouver Island and Lake of the Woods. It is built up around the imaginary exploits of a German submarine crew who, following the destruction of their ship by bombers off Cape Wolstenholme, take possession of the Company post there, and also of one of the Company planes, which they fly to Lake Winnipeg. After a bad landing there, they make their way by devious means to Vancouver, where they are caught just as they are boarding a ship for the Orient and are flown back east on a TCA plane.

Three famous stars are taking the leads—Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey, and Elisabeth Bergner. Ortus Films Limited, the producers, started shooting near Winnipeg in July, with Michael Powell directing.

Still No Gentlemen

The idea of an adventurer being a gentleman seems to intrigue a lot of people. At any rate, it seems almost impossible to disabuse them of the impression that this Company is called "The *Gentlemen* Adventurers of England, etc." Prince Rupert and his friends would undoubtedly have been classed as gentlemen by their contemporaries, but they certainly never referred to themselves as such in the Royal Charter.

What is more, when they called themselves "adventurers," they didn't mean people who went out in search of adventure. They simply meant they were taking a chance in a business way. This is clearly shown on the first page of the Company's stock book, in 1667:

"His Highness Prince Rupert, Dr. To his share in the Generall Stock & Adventure—£270."

The other entry on the first page reads:

"His Royall Highnesse the Duke of Yorke, Dr. To a share in the Generall Stock of the Adventurers of England tradeing into Hudson's Bay—£300." And on the credit side reference is made to "The Governour and Company." This was three years before the charter was issued by King Charles to *The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay*. That is still the Company's name in full. But where are the gentlemen?

Fall Packet

The Portage la Loche brigade was the most important of all those organized at the Red River Settlement. Leaving Fort Garry at the beginning of June, the flotilla of seven or eight York boats wended its way down the Red River and along the whole length of Lake Winnipeg to Norway House. There they picked up goods from Hudson Bay, and continued on across the head of the lake, up the Saskatchewan via Cumberland House and Ile à la Crosse to the famous Methy Portage—or Portage la Loche.

On the near side of the portage, the waters flowed into Hudson Bay. On the far side, they began their long journey to the Arctic Ocean. Half way across the portage, which was about twelve miles long, the men from Red River met the tripmen from the North and exchanged bundles and packets of mail.

About August the first, the Fort Garry men set off on the return trip; but instead of turning south from Norway House, they continued eastwards to York Factory. There they made connections with the annual ship from London, delivering to her the furs and letters they had brought for shipment to England, and receiving in return the freight and mail she had brought across the Atlantic for Red River. Then back they came via Norway House, reaching home about the first week in October.

Joseph James Hargrave, in his book *Red River*, from which the above is taken, gives a most interesting account of these York boat brigades and of the Indians and halfbreeds who manned them. The weight of each package was one hundred pounds, and each boat would carry seventy-five of these, which could be loaded by its crew in five minutes. The captain of the boat was the steersman, and it was his job at the portages to load up the other men with two packages each. As this meant he had to lift between three and four tons at every portage, the qualifications for a steersman included the strength of an ox as well as knowledge of the rapids en route and ability to boss a muscular crew.

Wolf, Wolf!

Every winter, the Canadian North produces a remarkable crop of wolf stories. In newspapers from coast to coast, *canis nubilus* and *canis tundrarum* are represented as fearless creatures who will sink their fangs into the nearest human being on the slightest provocation—or even with no provocation at all. Actually they are scared to death of all humans, and hunger seems to decrease, rather than increase, their boldness. Sir John Richardson tells how a famished wolf found in a trap on the tundras was led back to camp on a string, with children prodding him on from the rear.

How these stories of man-eating Canadian wolves originate, it is hard to say. They are probably a sort of hangover from European wolf tales. In point of fact, wolves in this country will attack human beings under only two conditions: when they are wounded or cornered; and when they are stark mad. Fortunately, mad wolves, such as Mrs. George Ray writes about in this issue, are about as scarce as albino beaver.

Ordnance Chief

P. A. Chester, general manager of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada, is at present on loan to the Dominion Government. He will assist in organizing the ordnance services of the Canadian Army, which are responsible for the enormous task of clothing and equipping the fighting men. During the last war, Mr. Chester served from August 1914 to 1919 with the 9th Battalion, King's Royal Rifles.

Greenland Voyage

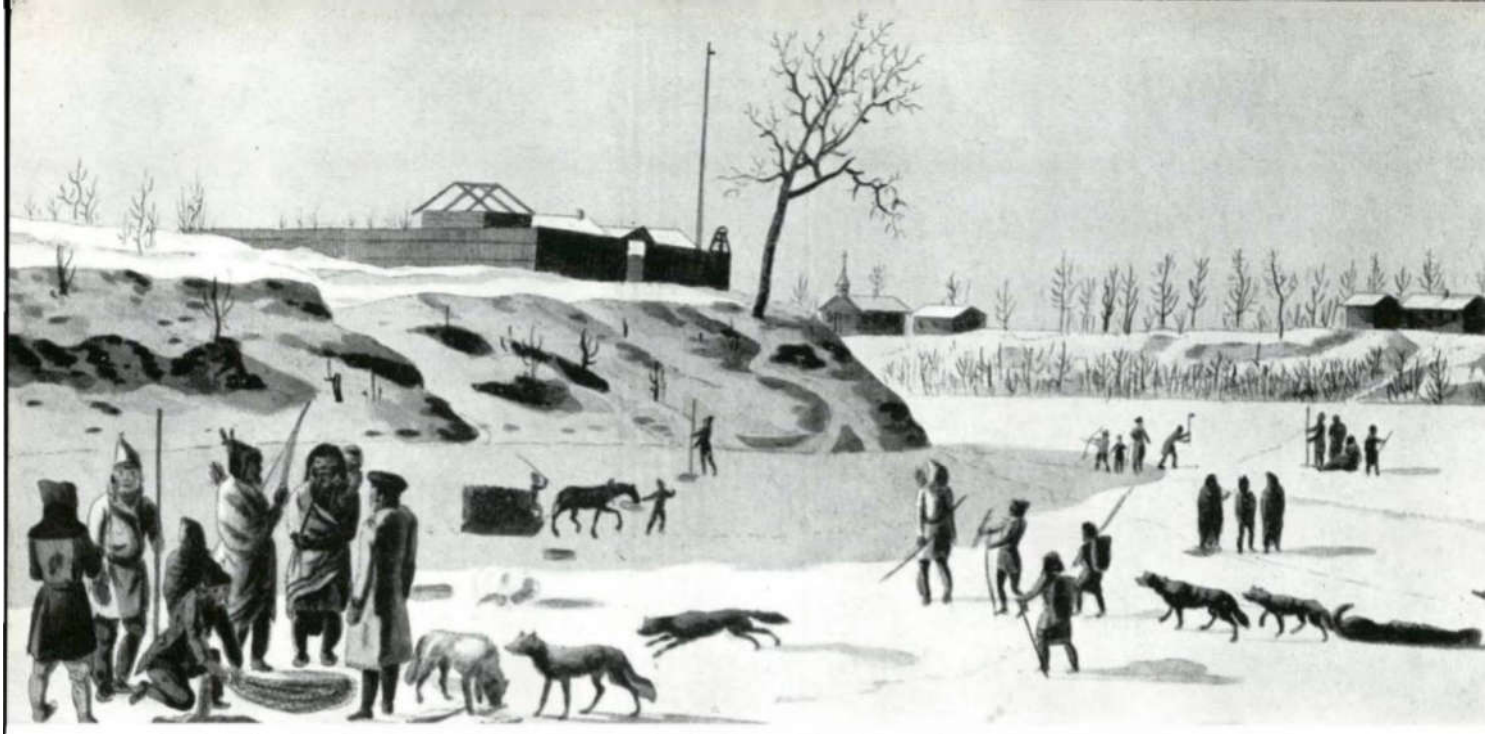
By the seizure of Denmark, the people of Greenland found themselves cut off from their main source of supplies. The Canadian Government therefore chartered the *Nascopie* and sent her with a cargo to Ivigut in June. After discharging, she loaded a return cargo of cryolite—a mineral used in the manufacture of aluminium—and brought it back to Canada.

On board the famous little ice-breaker went the new Canadian consul to Greenland, Kenneth P. Kirkwood, recently of the Canadian Legation at The Hague, and A. E. Porsild, the new vice-consul, who is a Greenlander by birth. At the same time, the United States sent their consular officers on board a warship which accompanied the *Nascopie*. The Company vessel was as usual commanded by that veteran of Arctic waters, Captain T. F. Smellie.

Contributors

Some distinguished Canadians have contributed to this issue. *Marius Barbeau*, well known ethnographer of the National Museum in Ottawa, writes of Port Simpson and the Pacific Coast Indians he knows so well. . . . *W. J. Phillips, R.C.A.*, whose water-colours and woodcuts are admired from coast to coast, comments on the work of his friend Arthur Heming, unique painter of the Canadian wilds. . . . *W. Stewart Wallace*, librarian of Toronto University, and one of the leading authorities on fur trade history of the North West Company era, records some of the few facts known about that influential member of the Company of Adventurers, John Halkett.

Not so well known, but one whose writings deserve recognition, is *Margaret Arnett McLeod*, a painstaking western historian who has dug up some hitherto unpublished facts about the Company in Winnipeg. . . . *Axel Nielsen* will be remembered as the author of that wild tale of the North, "Napoleon the Exile," in the June issue. . . . *Rev. J. A. Cormie, D.D.*, is chairman of the James Evans Centenary Committee. . . . *Dr. R. L. Sutton*, celebrated Kansas City specialist, was a passenger on the *Nascopie* last summer. . . . A nice little bit of H B C family co-operation is evident in the tale of the mad wolf, dictated by *Mrs. George Ray*, wife of the post manager at Churchill in 1905, written by her daughter, Mrs. M. E. Markham, and illustrated by her son George.



Fort Gibraltar, from the Assiniboine River, in 1821, when the Hudson's Bay Company had taken it over from the North West Company. The original H B C store probably stood near the buildings seen across the Red River.

The Company in Winnipeg

by Margaret Arnett McLeod

THE story of the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg is the story of a country's beginnings. Fifty-nine years before Winnipeg existed, the Company was doing business in a small log building not far from the Canadian Pacific Railway's station of today. This building had been their store on the east bank of the Red River at the mouth of the Assiniboine in 1814, but in 1815 it was rafted over and re-erected on the west side.

It has been generally thought that the Company had a store on the site of St. Boniface previous to 1815, since Donald Murray, a Selkirk settler, told the late Dr. C. N. Bell of its existence. Confirmation of this has been found recently by the Reverend A. d'Eschambault, who very kindly supplies the entries from Peter Fidler's Journal as given below.

Presumably written from Fort Douglas the entries tell of the Company moving building and business across the river:

"*July 1814*—Last Friday Mr. Holdsworth late surgeon at the settlement went to remain at H.B.C.'s House across the river . . ."

"*May 22 1815*—The H.B.C. small trading House nearly opposite the Canadian House at the Forks [Fort Gibraltar] rafted down here to erect near the Settlement as it is not thought safe for a few men to remain in it all summer on account of the violent conduct of the Canadians [the N.W.Co.]."

"*2nd June 1815*—Busily building the H.B.C. small House lately rafted over, at the angle of a creek where it joins the river about 100 yds above the Settlement that it may infilade [sic] both places in case of an attack by the Canadians . . ."

The last entry supplies a very clear location of the Hudson's Bay Company's first place of business in what is now Winnipeg. The Company first thought of locating at the forks of the Red and Assiniboine rivers in 1813, when Hugh Heney, their agent at Pembina, ordered a post built on the east bank of the Red, opposite the North West Company's Fort Gibraltar, but it was not occupied at the time. So it is not unlikely that the "House" of the above items, in use on the east side in 1814, and Donald Murray's "store" operating there before 1815, was Hugh Heney's building of 1813.

The Hudson's Bay Company opened this post at the Forks in the midst of their struggle with the North West Company for the country's fur trade, and though they favoured the idea of colonists as little as their opponents, it seems that the hostile actions of the Nor'-Westers brought colony and Hudson's Bay Company together against a common enemy.

The events at the Forks during 1815 and 1816 are well known. They ended in 1817 in government intervention, in the return of the scattered settlers and the arrival of Lord Selkirk with his De Meuron soldiers. Peace, at last, seemed to be descending upon the colony. The settlers once more erected houses, the Nor'-Westers rebuilt Fort Gibraltar, and to the sound of ringing axes and falling trees, the Hudson's Bay Company built its first fort where Winnipeg now stands. Nothing further is heard about the little log store. It probably did not survive the destructions of the colony in 1815 and 1816.

The new fort (often referred to as Fidler's Fort, since he built it) was quite a pretentious one. It stood between Winnipeg's McDermot and Notre Dame Avenues East, about equally distant from Forts Douglas and Gibraltar. Donald Murray gave evidence about this fort also, and his statement to Dr. Bell is both interesting and valuable. He said: "This fort was built by Peter Fidler about 1817-18, but he went

to Brandon House in the latter year and it was first occupied by one James Sutherland who finished it in 1819. . . . Situated nearer Notre Dame than the other [McDermot] it was near the rise in the ground, and a few hundred yards from the river. It was about square, the principal entrance facing exactly to the point between the two rivers. At the farther end, opposite to this gate, stood the master's house, which was larger than the others, which ranged down each side of the palisaded enclosure, about four on each side. . . . There was a walk between them and the palisades, and an open courtyard in the centre. . . . I often slept at this fort and in 1818 when I went to Brandon House I started from it. I do not recall that it had any particular name other than the 'Company's Fort'."

This impressive place of business stood in a community of 222 people living in 57 houses, and Chief Factor James Bird was in charge from 1819-21. When the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies amalgamated in the latter year, and Nicholas Garry (with Simon McGillivray) came from England to initiate the necessary changes, he stayed at this fort, not at Fort Douglas which was the colony fort and seat of the governor. The governors were not strictly under the Company until the latter bought the Selkirk rights in Rupert's Land in 1835.

Garry's only comment on the Company's fort was that the main house was in "a very dirty state." Nevertheless, eight gentlemen dined with him there on the evening of his arrival (on catfish, as food was scarce) and next day he rode to Fort Douglas.

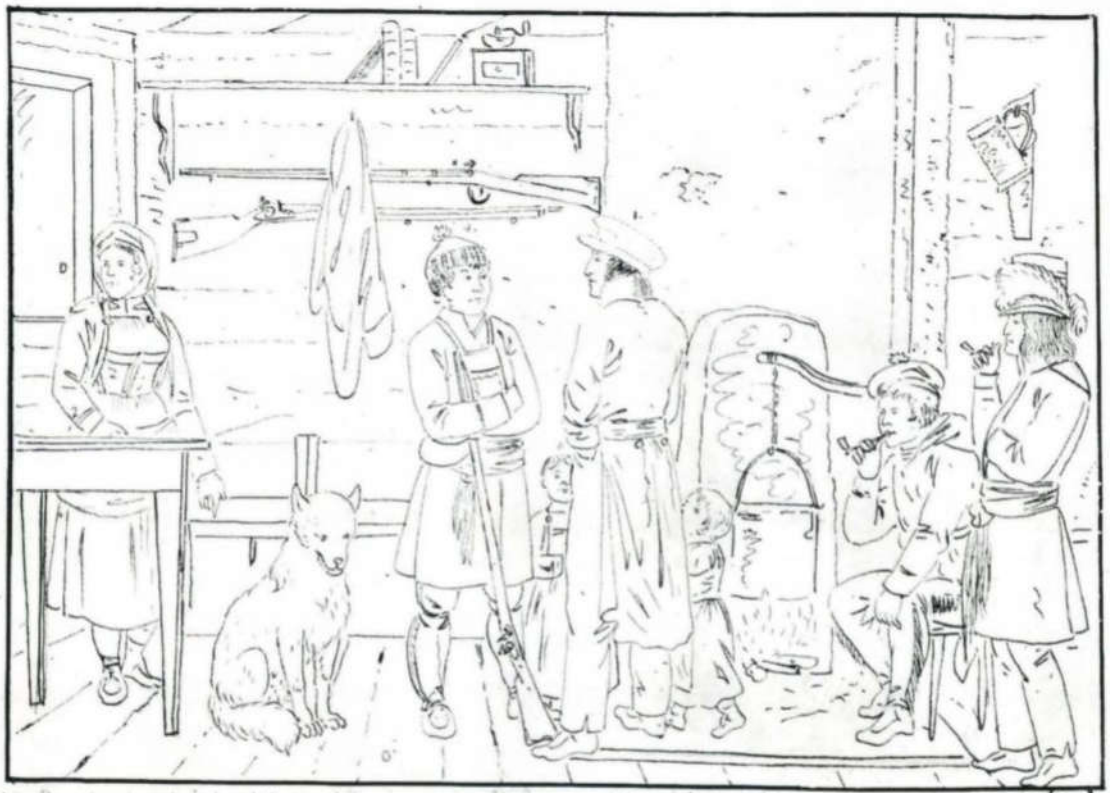
He reported that he found "the North West fort . . . in a better Situation than the Hudson's Bay House (it being at the Confluence or Forks of the Assiniboin and Red River), and there being the Framework of an excellent House" he suggested to Mr. Bird that he change to Gibraltar. This did not meet Mr. Bird's views, but as he retired that year Governor Simpson made the change, and had renamed it Fort Garry, by April, 1822.

We have to thank the Hudson's Bay Company that any accurate idea of Winnipeg's forerunner, the colony, in these years, can be obtained today. Their books recorded a payment of "six pounds nineteen shillings sterling," involved in the transaction whereby a Swiss settler named Rindisbacher painted the colony pictures which are now in the Public Archives of Canada.

Governor Bulger in 1822, gave a depressing account of Fort Douglas (sometimes used to store Company goods), but the Swiss artist in 1823 painted a brighter picture. However, the colony store there was now closed and Fort Garry alone served the people. In 1825 Fort Douglas was sold and Governor Pelly (Bulger's successor) turned to enlarging his new headquarters, Fort Garry. This change brought colony and Company into closer contact.

The first Fort Garry was the crude product of a new country but naturally it was idealized because of its importance. Alex. Ross, the historian, arriving from

Interior of a Red River settler's house. This and the picture of Fort Gibraltar were both probably done by Peter Rindisbacher. They are now in the Public Archives of Canada.



Fort Garry in 1851. From a hitherto unpublished water colour by William Armstrong. By courtesy of Mrs. Douglas McMurray.

the Pacific coast and approaching it on horseback on a July evening in 1825, wrote: "I was anxious to see the place, I had heard so much about it, but I must confess that I felt disappointed. Instead of a place walled and fortified as I had expected, I saw nothing but a few wooden houses huddled together . . . used as dwellings and warehouses. . . . Nor was the Governor's residence anything more in its outward appearance than the cottage of a humble farmer, who might be able to spend fifty pounds a year . . ." Yet, even in his disappointment Ross saw the place as "the metropolis of the country" and evidence of its "settled and tranquil state."

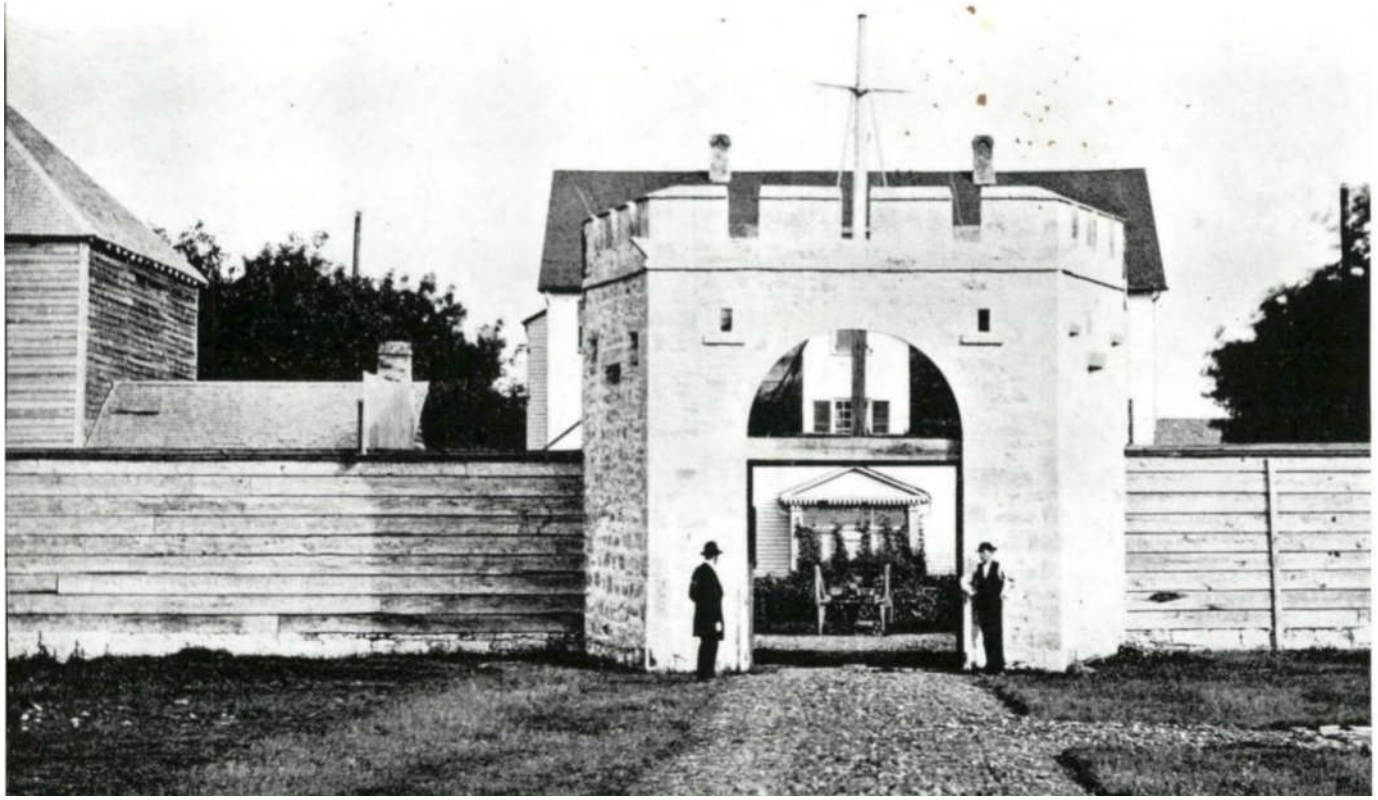
Then once again the settlement was wiped out. It was the flood of 1826, and Fort Douglas and the Company fort which Fidler had built were swept away. Fort Garry, though it still stood, suffered considerable damage, for John Pritchard was afterwards granted "all the ruins of Fort Garry . . . wherever found within the District of Assiniboia."

In 1831, the Company decided to abandon the now dilapidated fort, and started to build Lower Fort Garry on higher ground down past St. Andrew's Rapids. In the meantime, however, it had been decided to retain the chief depot at the Forks "as the natural centre of the fur trade," so in 1835, Chief Factor Alex. Christie began a new fort just west of the old one. This was the Upper Fort Garry which stood in Winnipeg until 1882. The abandoned Fort Garry later went down in the flood of 1852.

The new fort was 240 by 280 feet with walls of limestone and four large bastions at the corners. In the 'fifties the north wall was removed and the fort was extended in that direction, the new walls being of squared oak timbers. The governor's house was in the extension, the building which was later Manitoba's Government House. It was at this time that the Fort Garry gateway, which still stands, was erected. Chief Factor A. H. Murray is supposed to have sketched the design for the officer in charge, on the back of an envelope.

The counting room of this fort was described by R. M. Ballantyne, who was a clerk there. It was an office by day, furnished with "two large desks and several very tall stools, besides sundry ink-bottles, rulers, books, and sheets of blotting-paper." But at night it was transformed, for here the clerks gathered for their fun around the huge fireplace in one corner,

The north gate and walls of squared logs, with the Governor's house beyond.



piled with blazing logs on end. Their three bedrooms, with doors always open, gave on this room, and lent a background of colour with scarlet sashes, bright hued raiment and gay shot-belts hanging on nails driven into the walls.

The fort was busy by day with the outfitting of boat brigade, buffalo hunt or Northern packet; with the comings and goings of settlers, canoe men, freighters and Metis hunters. Visitors became more frequent. Big game hunters, scientists and travellers formed a body of guests at which the clerks were inclined to grumble, but who always spoke afterwards of the unbounded hospitality of the fort.

Military were stationed there from time to time, with clank of sword, clatter of hoofs and much added gaiety; the 6th Royal Regiment of Foot who came in 1846 and stayed two years, seventy pensioners in 1848, and a Company of Royal Canadian Rifles in 1857 who remained four years.

From 1857 Fort Garry witnessed swift changes—the whistle of a steamboat on the river, extended postal communication and the publication of a newspaper—and it gained importance through becoming the residence of the governor of all Rupert's Land. In 1863, a group of free traders' buildings on its northern border began to call itself Winnipeg, and to meet this new development, the Company, in 1867, opened a branch store among them, in the best building there. It was on the present Fort Street. Later it was closed and one opened in St. Boniface.

The Red River Settlement in its last decade was still a primitive community, but Charles Mair, newly come to the country, after dining at the fort one evening in 1868, wrote: "Just fancy what we had at a dinner party! Oyster soup, white fish, roast beef, roast prairie chicken, green peas, tomatoes stewed, stewed gooseberries, plum pudding, blanc mange, raisins, nuts of all kinds, coffee, port and sherry, brandy punch and cigars, concluding with whist until four o'clock a.m. There is a dinner for you, in the heart of a continent, with Indian skin lodges within a stone's throw!"

The scene changed with the gathering storm of 1869. There was the resistance of the Metis to the transfer of Rupert's Land to Canada, and Fort Garry was occupied by Louis Riel and his soldiers. However, Colonel Wolseley with his troops, marching up the muddy road to the fort in a driving rain on August 24, 1870, found it empty: Riel and O'Donoghue had fled at their approach.

On Manitoba's creation as a province in that year, Fort Garry had been named as its capital and it functioned as such for some years. It remained the seat of the governor until 1878. Governor A. G. Archibald arrived soon after Colonel Wolseley and his troops, took up residence at the fort, and the new era began.

In the next two years came weekly mail service, a stage line south and the telegraph. Seven stern-wheelers on the Red River ended ox-cart freighting south, the first immigrants arrived from Ontario, and isolation was almost over. The year 1873, which saw the last Indian dog feast at Point Douglas, saw also the quickly growing cluster of buildings at the corner of Portage Avenue and Main Street incorporated as Winnipeg, with a population of almost 1500.

The Company's sale of Rupert's Land to Canada in 1870 had brought into being its Land Department and lots were now auctioned off to eager purchasers. However, the Company presented to Winnipeg a site for its first public school.

The fort by this time had thirteen buildings inside the walls and some few outside, with a "steamboat warehouse"—an up-to-the-minute addition—at the water's edge. A large mill was soon to follow. A considerable number of settlers were now coming in from the East by the Dawson Road and the Company kept pace with the growing population. In 1874, the front wall of the fort was pierced for a new pedestrian gateway, new sidewalks were laid within the fort and the retail saleshop or store was enlarged. Customers at the store always had been required to bring their own wrappings, but just when the Company ceased their picturesque parcelling of goods, in the customary canvas sacks tied at intervals to separate sugar, tea, oatmeal, etc., is not known.

Lady Dufferin, who came west with her husband, Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, in 1877, was an interested visitor on a tour of the fort. "The shop is a very good one," she related, "and I purchased a hat for my rough expeditions, and a jacket of white cariboo skin, embroidered in silk by the Indians. We also saw the furs. The room full of buffalo robes smelt horribly; but I bore it, being determined to see all I could. . . . Another place was full of various skins; wolf, grizzly bear, foxes of all sorts, etc. . ."

She also described a ball given at Government House, within the fort, by Governor Morris. Fresh fruit was imported for the supper "as none grows here yet. . . . The ladies [were] well dressed and the

Interior of the fort from the south (river) gate. Bachelors' Hall is in the centre. The guns are now at Lower Fort Garry.

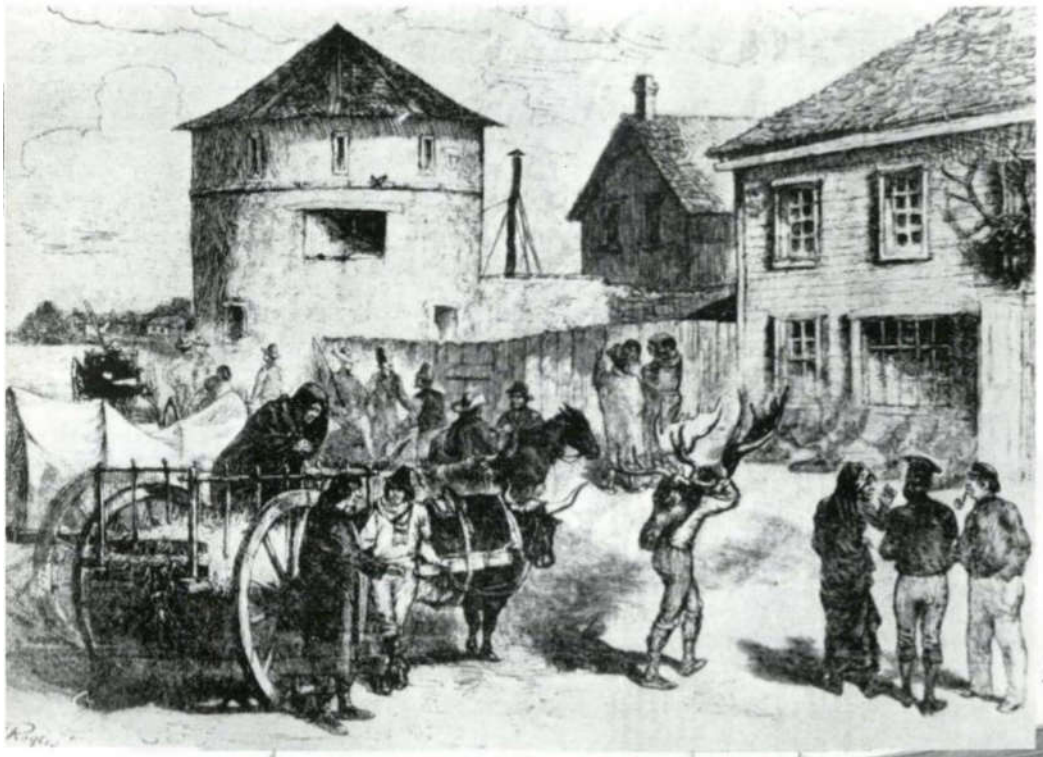
dancing just as at Ottawa or London. . . . Six years ago," she commented, "at a ball here, ladies would have come in moccasins and danced nothing but the Red River Jig . . . which shows how quickly outside ideas make their way in. . ."

Winnipeg had shipped its first wheat and the wealth of Red River soil was making it famous when in 1878 a railway from St. Paul to St. Boniface finally ended the country's remoteness. Tales of the marvellous returns to be had, from merely putting the plough to the sod, were spreading throughout Canada and brought literally hordes of people to Manitoba. The ferry across the Assiniboine that landed its passengers below the walls of Fort Garry was replaced in 1880 by a long iron bridge, in line with the river gate. In order to reach Main Street from the bridge, travellers had to make a slight detour around the southeast corner. The stone walls and bastions were demolished and replaced by a wooden fence, and then in order to save a few seconds Main Street was run right through the fort.

In doing this there was no need to demolish more than three or four buildings. But with a ruthless disregard for historical values, the whole fort was destroyed except for the stone gate which still stands. How much use has been made of the space thus created is evident today. It is still a vacant field.

Evidently no one saw what a visitor described in *Harper's Magazine* in 1880; that old Fort Garry was "the most interesting object in Winnipeg . . . the only thing which has anything picturesque about it," standing "well up above the swift muddy current of the Assiniboine with an air of antiquity and romance about the rough gray wall," the "low gateway," the "rude turrets," and its Company flag floating above the little quadrangle where for so many years "white man and red man had met to barter the products of Europe for the skins of the wild north land."

The flag was taken down to float over the Company's new era, over the fine new store erected in 1881 on Main Street, near which the buffalo trail to the



The retail store at Fort Garry in 1871, after the stone walls in front of it had been taken down to provide easier access.

The Main Street store, which served the Winnipeg retail trade for forty-five years.

The Company's department store in Winnipeg, opened in 1926

river was still to be seen. The fort bell (now in the Company's museum) was hung in the store to continue its work of summoning Company employees to work and rest, but after a time modern business complained of its noise and it was taken down. In 1882 electric light for Winnipeg streets was generated at the Company's mill, in which the store with other business places finally shared.

At this time many shoddy goods were being rushed into the country to cope with unprecedented demand, but the first Main Street store is remembered by older people today as always to be depended upon for quality. The dress goods department in the later enlarged red brick store, with bolts of goods displayed on the carpeted floors in artistic groupings and drapings, is also recalled by women who, with a family of any size, employed a seamstress for weeks on end at each change of season.

Various additions were made to this store from time to time and business was carried on there until 1926, when the present large department store was opened on Portage Avenue at Memorial Boulevard.

A Canadian advisory committee was set up in 1912 to help in directing the policies of the Company in Canada, and this committee, which now also directs all operations in this country, assumed its present powers in 1930.

Hudson's Bay House, the home of the Canadian Committee, Fur Trade, Land, Wholesale and Retail Stores Departments, was erected in 1912. In 1919 a tea and coffee plant was installed, where Fort Garry and Fort York tea and coffee are manufactured. Here also is located the Winnipeg Fur Trade Depot which, with the Montreal and Edmonton Depots, supplies all the fur trade posts with their trade goods. A trip through the depot discloses what is being demanded today by the Indians and Eskimos in exchange for their furs, and the list runs the gamut from snow knives and beads to silk hose and mechanical toys.

Hudson's Bay House, the Company's Canadian headquarters, where all these interests are centred, stands on part of the site of the last Fort Garry, and on the same "lookout point" between the Red and Assiniboine rivers, where the older forts stood.

The retail stores of the Company have now superseded the Fur Trade in commercial importance, and of these, the Winnipeg store is the largest. It also houses the Company's museum, the only fur trade museum in Canada. Thus the retail trade in Winnipeg, which the Company began in the little log building near Fort Douglas, has been carried on through Fidler's fort, the trading store and saleshop at Fort Garry and the Main Street store, to the present magnificent structure on Portage Avenue.

Preacher and Printer

by Rev. J. A. Cormie, D.D.

The United Church and Manse at Rossville, where James Evans established his mission. Photo Nicholas Morant

A CENTURY ago an Englishman, James Evans by name, stepped from a canoe on the rocky bank of one of the channels of the Nelson River some twenty miles down stream from the north shore of Lake Winnipeg, where the great river begins its course to Hudson Bay, and announced himself to Chief Factor Ross, of Norway House, as the man the Company had asked the Wesleyan Methodists to send to minister to the Indians in the neighbourhood. He had just completed a long adventurous journey which led him over the upper lakes through the Rainy River country, on to Lake Winnipeg, thence down the Nelson to the scene of his new labours. Lake travel was primitive. The journey which can now be made in a few hours took Evans more than four months. His scanty store of household goods went by a more circuitous course via England and York Factory on Hudson Bay.

The request of the Company for a missionary to the Northern Indians had been relayed by the parent of Methodism in England to its Canadian child, and the choice fell upon James Evans.

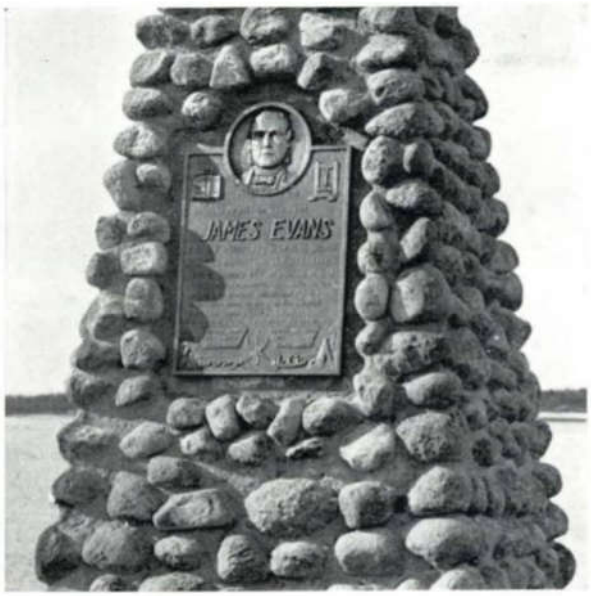
There were good reasons for the choice. Evans, while still a youth in England, had come under the influence of an evangelical movement which eventually led him to an office which the Wesleyans called "Local Preacher," and when he came to Canada he was still the preacher. Here he became a school teacher and was presently in charge of a school for Indians in Upper Canada, not far from the site of the present city of Sarnia. Here was a man ready-made for the work the Company wanted done—a missionary at heart who knew something of Canadian Indians.

The Canadian Methodists builded better than they knew. Evans had developed an interest in the language of his pupils and was soon sufficiently familiar with it to make some experiments in putting it into a written form using the Roman alphabet. This proved to be difficult and cumbersome. He knew something of shorthand, and toyed with the idea of making a new alphabet after the manner of shorthand but had made little progress with it when the call came to go north.

On arrival at Norway House in the fall of 1840, on the advice of Chief Factor Ross, he selected for the scene of his operations a point running out into Little Playgreen Lake two or three miles north of the post, which he named Rossville, a name it bears to this day.

His first task was the erection of some log buildings, a dwelling, church and school. Now established, he proceeded to develop his alphabet. The language of the Indians, in the North as well as in the South, he found, could be broken up into comparatively few sounds and that a dozen simple marks could represent them all. The symbol V, for instance, represents the sound pa. Inverted it is pe, pointing to the right it is po, and to the left pā. For words for which he could find no Indian equivalent he used special marks. For Christ he went to the Greek for the familiar and simple X. He called his new system Syllabics, and since they were first used for the language of the Crees they have come to be known as Cree Syllabics.

Having satisfied himself that his system could express every word used by the Indians, his next step was to discover whether a people who had never learned to read and write their language could be taught the art. Since that could only be discovered by actual test he went out to the camps and, with birch bark for paper and charred sticks from the fires for pencils, he showed the Indians the new writing. They soon learned to copy his marks and to associate them with the sounds. Writing a few months later, he says: "The men, women and children at Norway House write and read it with ease and fluency as do some European gentlemen who speak the language



Tablet on the cairn at Rossville. Note the fur press in the top right corner.

of the Indians." The new writing was a northern sensation and the news of it spread far afield. Birch bark could be found everywhere and any camp fire produced the pencils. They had seen the white man read his marks; now they had their own. "The birch bark talks," they said.

But of what value was it if they had nothing to read? Though he was hundreds of miles across a trackless waste from factories and type founders, and could afford neither the time nor the expense of making the journey, he undertook to remedy that.

With no tools but a pocket knife and a file he whittled himself some type faces from wood. He had good precedent for this, though it is doubtful if he knew much about it, for exactly four centuries before him William Caxton had done that very thing for the English. Later he used lead from bullets and the lining of tea chests in the Company's stores with which to make metal type. It was no easy task. On September 28, 1840, he put down in his diary: "I have been endeavouring to cast type to print the Cree language, but every attempt has hitherto failed. I have no proper material or no other thing requisite. I hope however to conquer the difficulties and begin printing in a few weeks or months at the furthest." One of his difficulties arose from the lack of suitable material for moulds. "I cut types in two characters," he wrote on September 30, "and took moulds of clay, chalk, putty and sand and tried some other fruitless experiments." However, six weeks later he was able to say: "I have got excellent type considering the country and the materials." A later entry in his diary tells us the "type answers well."

He had type, but no ink and no press. Soot scraped from the chimneys, mixed with fish oil, served the purpose for ink.

The press was more difficult. A fur press, used for compressing a pile of fur into a bundle which could be easily handled in a canoe, was the only likely instrument, but the Company's servants were not hospitable to the idea. It appears there was a regulation against printing in that area, which stood in the way. However, after giving the assurance that nothing but selections from the Scriptures and some hymns would be printed, a fur press was placed at his disposal. This rude equipment was set up in a log building on the point, piles of birch bark were gathered by the Indian boys, a mixture of soot and fish oil prepared, and the stage set for the first printing in northern Canada. The type was set, smeared with "ink," a square of birch bark put in place and the press turned. A moment later it was reversed, and the first printing at Norway House was an accomplished fact. A few pages were run off and bound in tanned deer skin. A copy of one of Evans' birch bark books, dated 1841, can be seen in the library of Victoria College, Toronto, together with three or four of the original lead type.

The new system of writing gradually spread over the northern part of the continent where Indian reserves were located, and today is in use among the Indians from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains to the shores of Labrador. The Bible, in whole or in part, has been translated many times. Hymn books have appeared in the syllabics. Dictionaries and grammars have been prepared. In recent years periodicals have begun to circulate among the Indians. The Canadian Government uses the characters in their dealings with its wards.

The new writing went far afield. Fifty years later it was taken to Tibet for use as the basis of writing the language of a number of the aboriginal tribes of that far off part of the world. They are found today in use in the Philippine Islands.

It was Lord Dufferin, when Governor-General of Canada, who said: "The nation has given many a man a title and a pension and then a resting-place and a monument in Westminster Abbey, who never did half so much for his fellow men." There are, however, monuments to James Evans. On the point at Ross-

Syllabic type set up on the press used by the first Bishop of Moosonee at Moose Factory. Courtesy McCord Museum.

ville a cairn has been erected to his memory. Two miles away, near the Hudson's Bay Company's Norway House post, there is a cairn set up by the Historic Sites Board, which commemorates among other incidents the invention of the Cree Syllabics. The United Church of Canada, which inherited the tradition from the Methodist Church, has established a James Evans Memorial Bursary for students in the colleges of that Church. His greatest monument, however, will always be the syllabics themselves, and as long as they are in use, his services to the Canadian Indians will not be forgotten.

In June, 1940, the centenary of the new writing was fittingly celebrated on the Rossville point where they were first used. The church that Evans built has long since disappeared but the outlines of the foundation, though now covered with sod, are easily traced. On this very spot part of the centenary celebrations was held. Chief Factor Ross presented a bell to the church. It was placed in the second church erected by Rev. John Semmens, missionary at Norway House from 1884 to 1887 and afterwards Indian Agent. When this was burned a few years ago, the bell could not be rescued but bits of it were sifted from the ashes and are preserved. The third church was renamed the James Evans Memorial Church, and the name inscribed on a bronze plaque unveiled along with a portrait of Mr. Evans, on June 19, 1940.

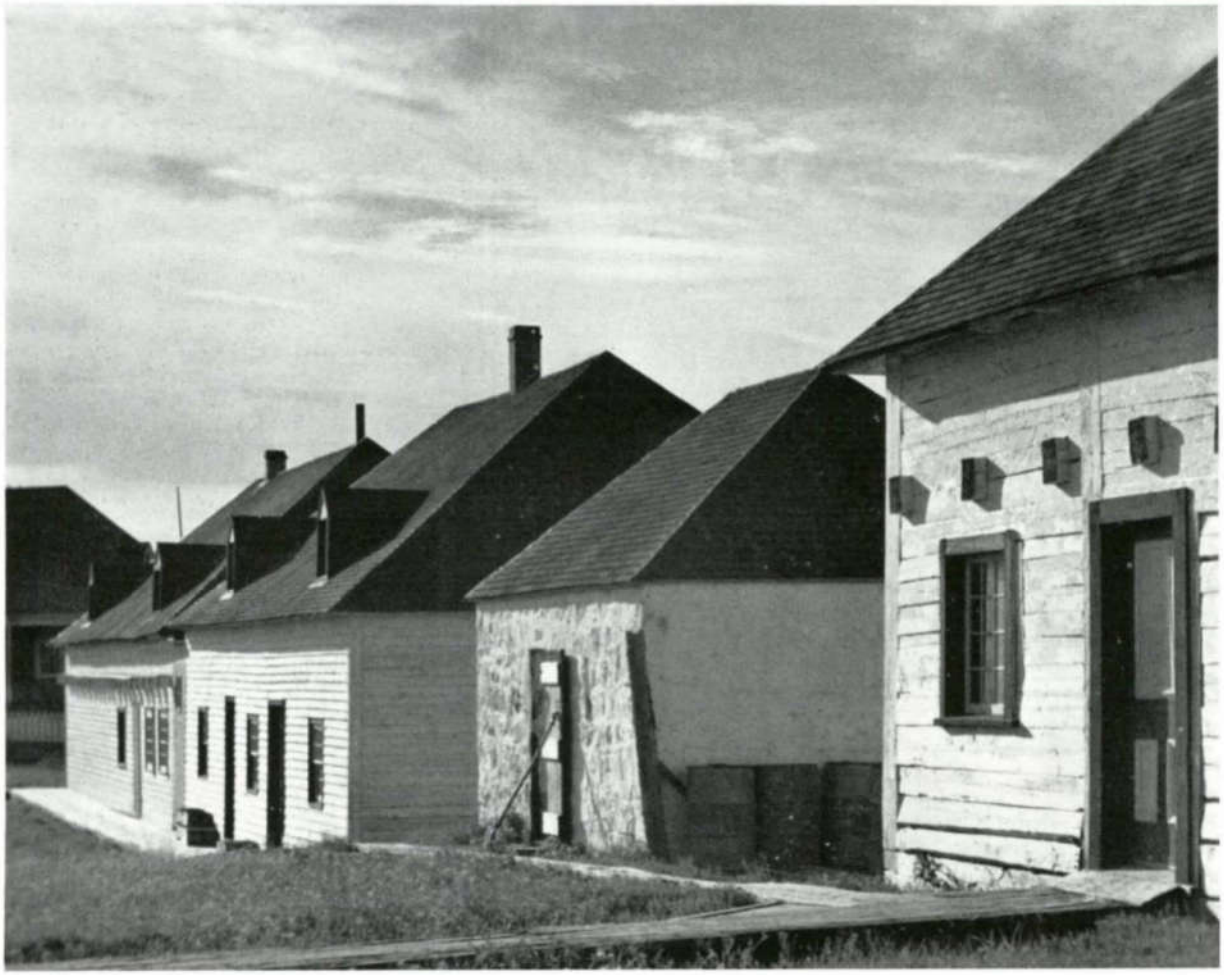
Some hundreds of Indians, with most of the white folk of the neighbourhood and a party of forty-four who journeyed to Norway House for the occasion, witnessed a pageant depicting scenes from Indian life and incidents from the life of James Evans. In the shade of the trees near the water's edge, an Indian woman was seen weaving a rabbit robe, while seated on the ground near her was another woman making a fish net.

A winter camp was set up, with all the paraphernalia of winter travel, snowshoes, rabbit robes and grub boxes. Canoes loaded with freight came up, were unloaded, mosquito bar erected and covered with a tent. A camp fire was built, the kettle boiled, bannocks cooked, and an evening meal eaten.

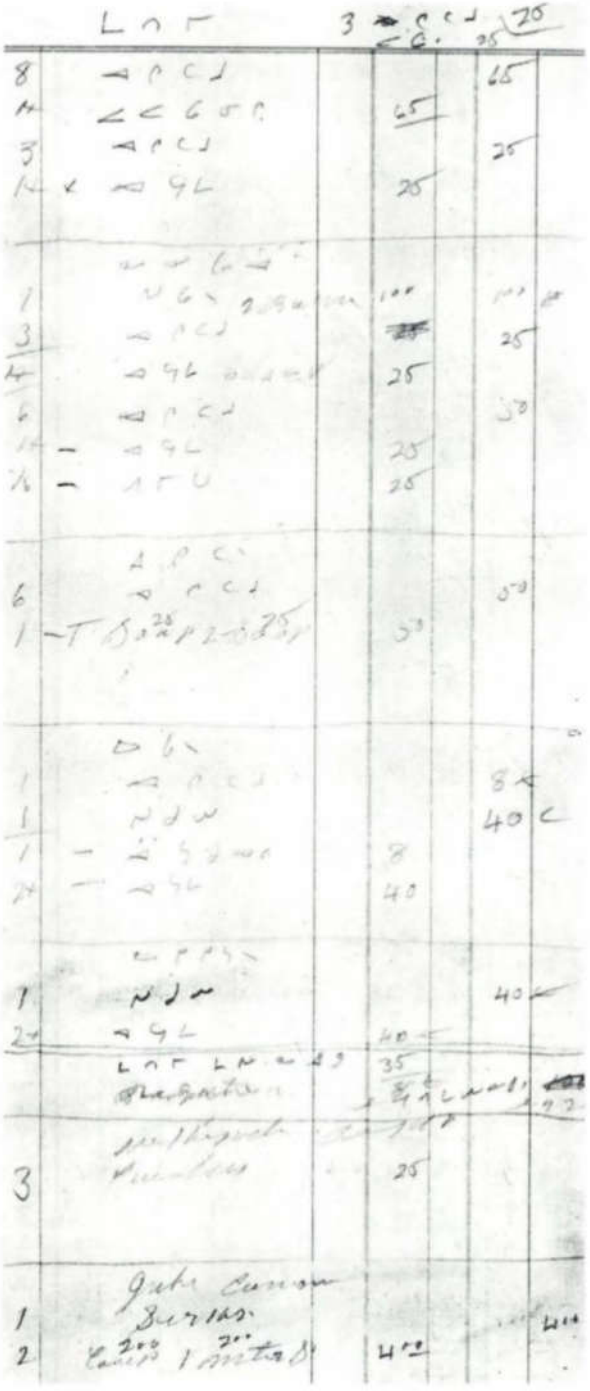
Visitors from the south were interested to discover that the Indians have a sense of the dramatic. They could not be induced to rehearse their parts. Most of it did not need to be rehearsed for they had gone to their every-day life for the scenes. It is doubtful, though, if the part played by a group of Indians depicting Evans' report to this family of the death of the young Indian, Hassell, whom he accidentally shot, could have been more realistically portrayed by a group of white folk without a good deal of rehearsing.

The celebration at Norway House was a suitable commemoration of a unique incident in Canadian life which should never be forgotten.

Old buildings at Norway House, where James Evans did the first printing in syllabic a century ago. Photo Nicholas Morant



Peter Pekangekum



A page from one of Peter's account books, written mostly in syllabics.

Peter builds a canoe at Pekangekum post.

SINCE the first expedition to Hudson Bay in 1668, Indians have served the Company in innumerable ways. Without them, the fur trade on any large scale would have been impossible. They have served as trappers, guides, dog drivers, canoe men, packeteers, York boat men, hunters, and handy men around the forts. But seldom have they acted as post managers.

Peter Pekangekum, however, was an exception to this rule. In 1895, at the age of twenty, he was given charge of Poplar Hill post in Ontario, not far from the Manitoba border, and later of Pekangekum post nearby; and only recently did he retire from that position of responsibility.

He was born at Lake Kanesosahkewong ("The lake with three rivers flowing into it") and was given the name of Kakewayyase ("When he goes on a trip he returns home with a fair wind"). For purposes of treaty payments, the Department of Indian Affairs named him Peter Quill. But he prefers to be known as Peter Pekangekum. At the age of fifteen, in accordance with the old Indian custom, he was presented with a wife.

Despite his Indian name, he has never been on a long trip. Always he has preferred staying close to home, and his whole life has been taken up with trading for the Company. He kept his books in meticulous detail, using Cree syllabic as well as English, but until they were audited and found correct, he was in fear and trembling that the inspector would somehow find an error in them. It is said that in order to save paper, he would write his requisitions (in syllabic) on birch bark or an old shingle.

Peter's mother is still alive, at the age of about one hundred, and is the oldest Indian on the Pekangekum reserve.

High North Low-Down

from D. A. Wilderspin

Writers of fiction, and even writers of so-called factual articles, have disseminated some queer ideas about the Arctic. One of our post managers here gives the facts on a few aspects of Arctic life concerning which we southerners are usually rather vague.

WHEN most people think of the Arctic they visualize a sort of ice cap covering the roof of the world, or at any rate a land of perpetual ice and snow, in which the temperature rarely rises above zero. It is true that for at least eight months of the year the ground is covered with snow and the tops of the high hills have patches of snow on them the year round; also the inlets, bays and rivers are generally locked with ice from mid-November to mid-July. Spring does come, though, even in this part of the world. It is heralded first of all by the snowbirds, and followed as soon as the brooks and lakes are open by a host of other birds ranging from the tiny longspurs to the graceful swan. Then the North, whose silence has been broken during the long winter months only by the cawing of the raven, the howling of the dogs and the shots of the Eskimo hunters, soon resounds to the cheerful notes of innumerable birds courting their mates, setting up house and raising families.

In July hosts of mosquitoes usher in the short but hot summer, and the hillsides and valleys show wonderful patches of colour where Arctic flowers nestle against a background of moss. Though there is generally not a month passes without at least one fall of snow, it is not until early October that the snow comes to stay again. In some districts it comes a little earlier, but in most parts of the Eastern Arctic, to which this article particularly refers, the temperature does not fall low enough to keep the snow with us until the first or second week of October.

Igloos—The Eskimo is usually shown in pictures and cartoons beside his snowhouse, and there is a widespread belief that he lives in this house of snow blocks the year round. Actually the snow is rarely packed hard enough to enable him to cut snow blocks until at least mid-November, and in April, when the sun gets hot enough to thaw the snow and the roof drops in, he vacates it in favour of a skin or duck tent. There are Eskimos in parts of Ungava Bay and on the Labrador within the tree-belt who seldom use a snowhouse at all. I have particularly used the name snowhouse instead of the popular *igloo* because in Eskimo *igloo* refers to a wooden house such as the traders and police use; the correct Eskimo name for a snowhouse is *igloovuak*.

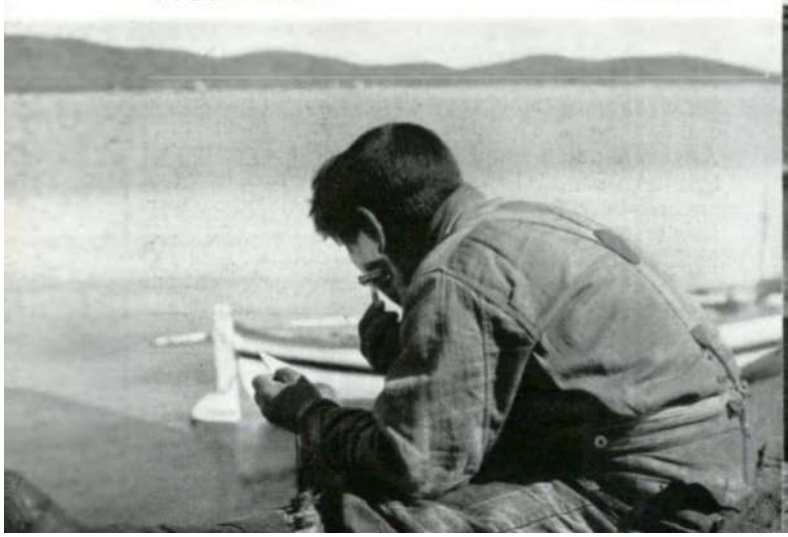
Beards—The only reasons for a man having a beard in the North are either laziness or vanity. I believe I am not exaggerating when I say that practically every picture one sees of explorers in the Arctic and Antarctic shows them peeping out from behind a dense growth of hair. The solitude of these regions and the absence of the "fair sex" gives one an opportunity of experimenting with one's facial growth that cannot be taken in civilization without detriment to one's social position, if the advertisements for shaving-cream and razors are to be believed. The satisfaction received from finding that one can grow a six-inch beard in six months is poor recompense however for the discomfort of having it act as a net to catch drifting snow and a drain through which surplus tea can run and almost immediately form into icicles when having a "mug-up" in the open on a winter's day. Even in a snowhouse it is possible to make hot water to shave with, and at the post, or in the case of the explorer at the base-camp, there is no reason on earth why a man should not shave as regularly as he would in civilization.

Nature, who does nothing without a purpose, has seen to it that the Eskimo who always lives under Arctic conditions is not naturally hairy about the face. One can be sure that an Eskimo who has a beard has "white" blood somewhere in his ancestry. A shaggy beard is definitely not an essential part of the well dressed man of the North's equipment.

Blubber and Candles—These have long been practically synonymous with the name Eskimo. The staple foods of the coastal natives are seal-meat, walrus-meat and fish. Blubber on the seal and walrus corresponds to the fat on pork and beef, and the Eskimo likes a little fat with the lean as well as you and I. Fat being necessary to keep one warm in the rigorous climate of

Paul Davoud

Beards are simply not "de rigueur" in the High North—but see if old Shaviluk cares. J. G. Cormack



Murres, yes; but penguins, definitely no. Lorene Squire

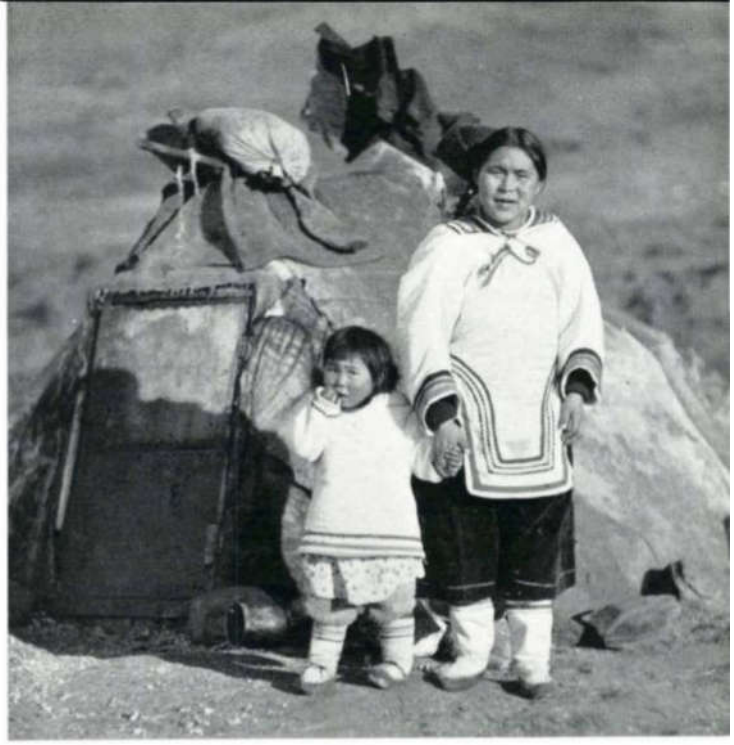
the Arctic. Nature has provided that there are very few "Jack Spratt's" among the Innuit—the name by which the Eskimos refer to themselves. Even so, I have known of natives who had the same aversion to blubber that many white people have to fat.

The polar bear is the only animal I know of which eats all the blubber and leaves the meat. Unless he is particularly hungry, he will suck all the blubber out through a small hole and leave the carcass. The Eskimo needs most of the blubber for his *kudlik* or stone lamp, which he uses for heating and cooking purposes and for drying clothes.

Possibly many years ago when the candles imported into the North were made of tallow, the natives did on occasion eat them or use them for fat in their bannocks. Nowadays tallow candles are seldom seen, and I have never heard of the paraffin wax variety being eaten, though they are sometimes chewed when tobacco or chewing-gum are not available.

Penguins—Some years ago, the annual mail brought me a request from a lady in the Old Country to procure for her a live penguin. She apparently vaguely associated penguins with ice and snow but had no idea that these large sea-fowl are only to be found in southern latitudes.

Kyaks—Fiction writers sometimes describe Eskimos hunting in walrus-hide covered kyaks. The hide of a walrus is approximately an inch thick and is so tough that a soft-nosed rifle bullet will bounce off it like a pea off a drum. Even if it could be made pliable enough to mould over the wooden frame of the kyak, it would be impossible for the natives to sew it, especially with



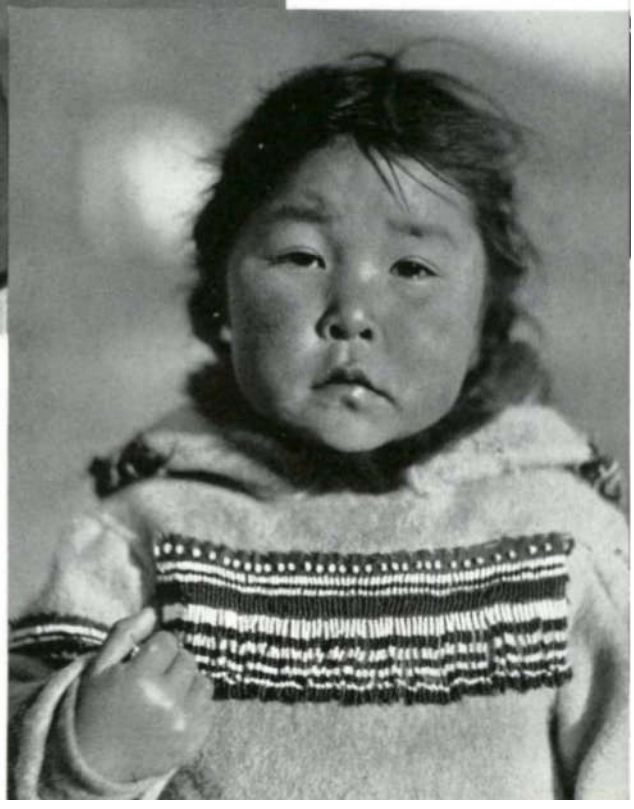
A couple of Huskies. Mother is wearing a koolitak and kumik. The kingmik are just behind the tupik. Note the total absence of parkas, mukluks, malamutes, and igloos. R. L. Sutton

the double water-tight seam necessary in sewing kyak skins. The covering of the large open boats or *oomiaks* is made of walrus hide; but sea-going kyaks are always covered with sealskin.

Mukluks, etc.—Finally, in the Eastern Arctic one speaks of skin-boots or *kumik* never mukluks, of dogs or *kingmik* not huskies or malamutes, and the duffel or deerskin garment with the hood is not a parka but a *dickie*, *artikie* or *koolitak*.

They even have flowers in the Arctic. R. N. Hourde

Samuktuk likes the feel of his all-day sucker.

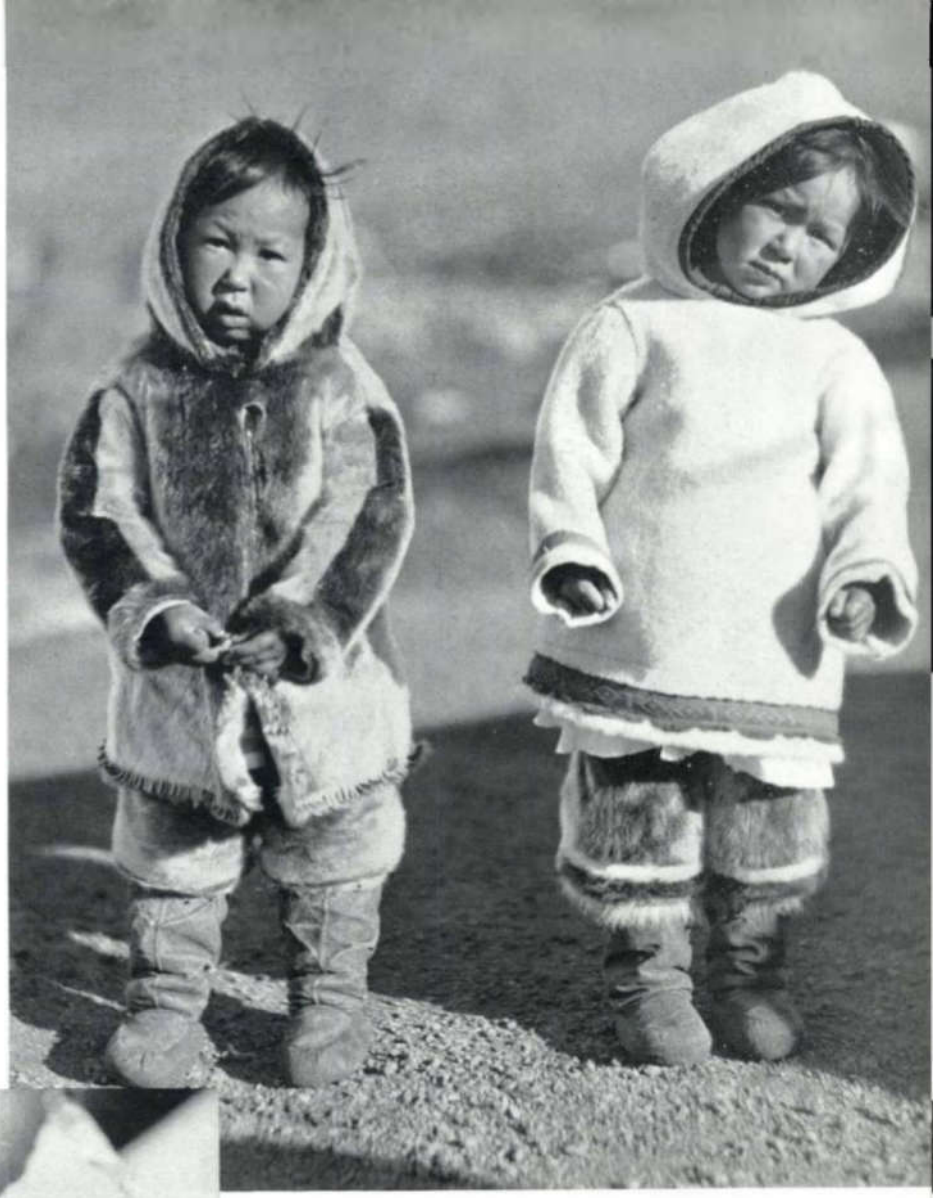


Arctic Bay belle.

Eskimo Children

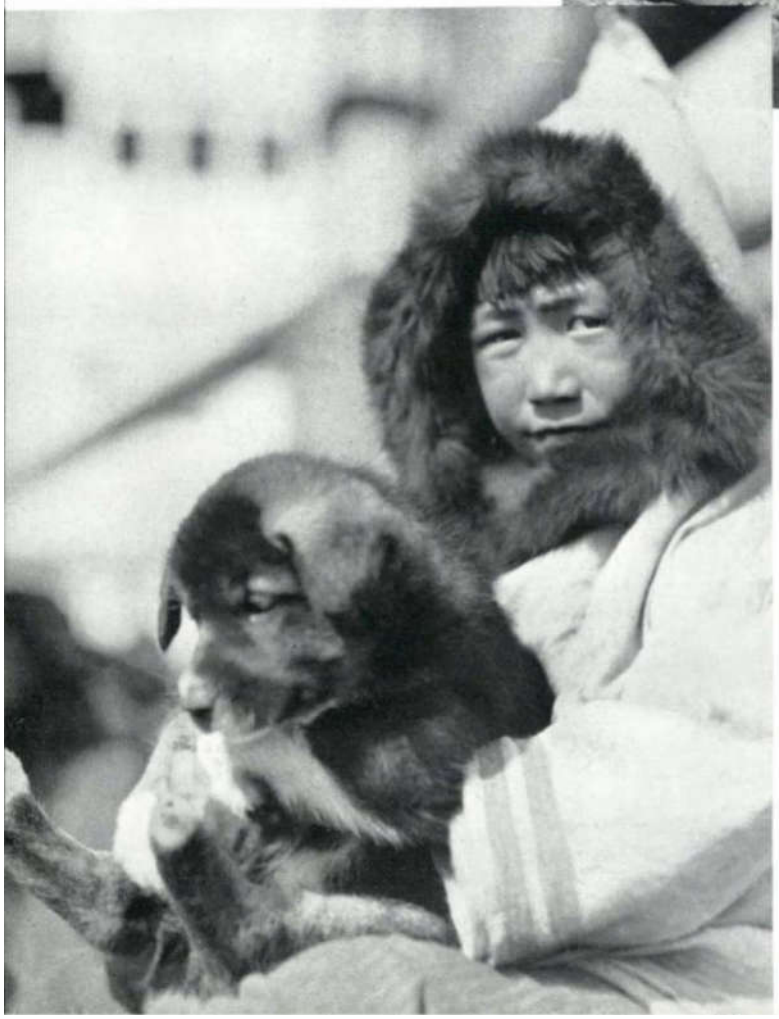
photographed by

Dr. R. L. Sutton

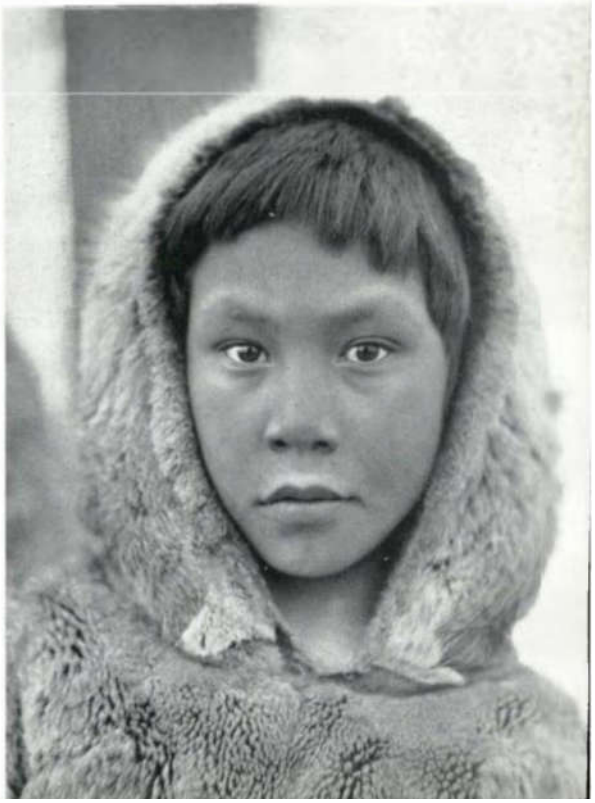


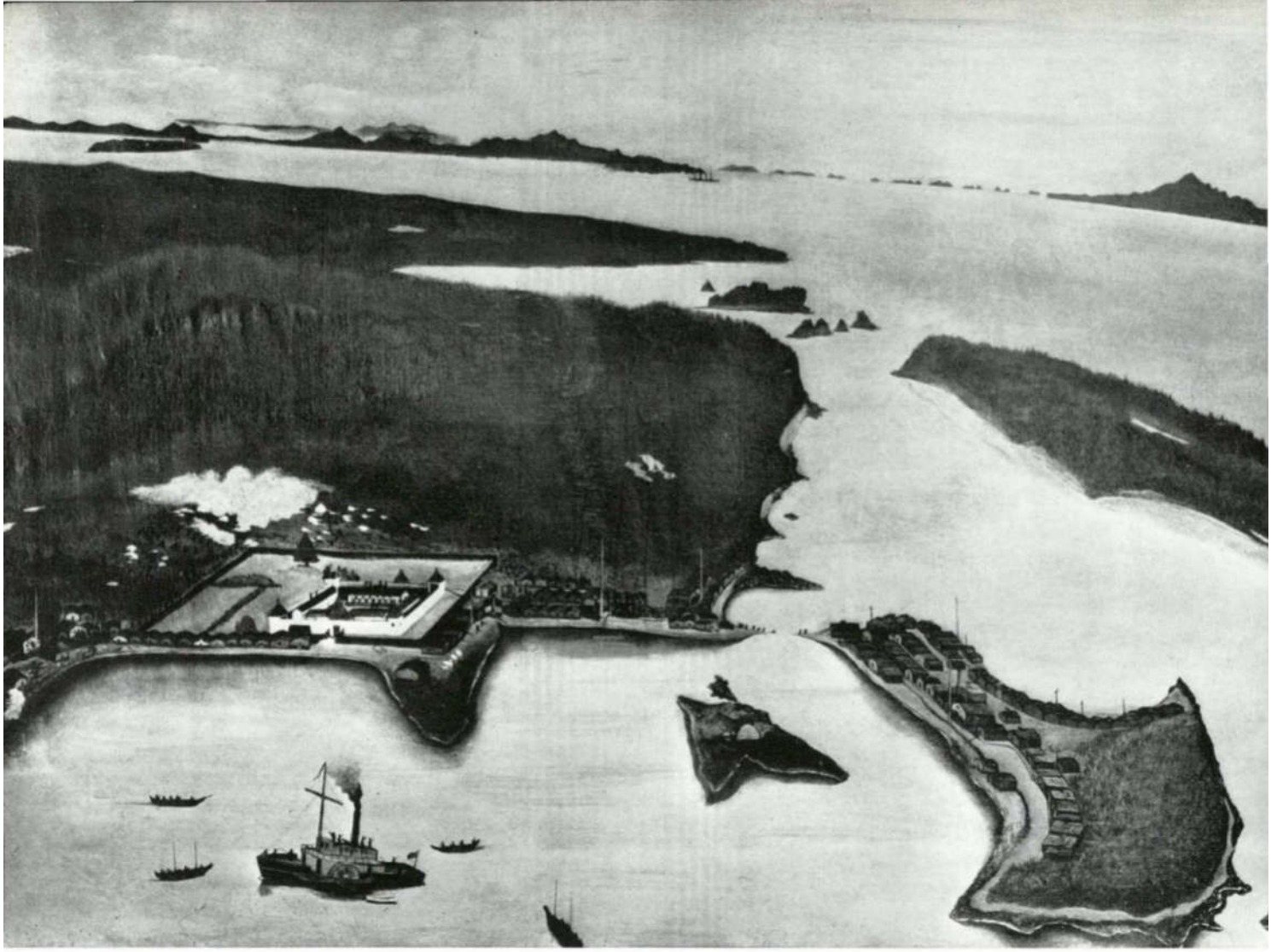
All dressed up for the visitors.

Seeluktuak has taught his pup to pull a small komatik.



His father trades at Fort Ross.





Port Simpson, painted from memory by Frederick Alexie, a half-breed Tsimsyan. In the foreground is the H B C S.S. "Beaver," surrounded by Indian dugouts.

Old Port Simpson

by Marius Barbeau
National Museum of Canada

THE two decades from 1830 to 1850 were of great importance in the activities of the Hudson's Bay Company on the North Pacific Coast. Six trading forts were established within the short space of twelve years—Nass at the mouth of the Nass River in 1831; McLoughlin on Millbank Sound and Nisqually on Puget Sound in 1833; Simpson, to replace Fort Nass, on Chatham Sound in 1834; Durham on Taku Inlet in 1840; and Victoria on Vancouver's Island in 1843. S.S. *Beaver*, in 1836, began its long service between these northern posts and Fort Vancouver on the Columbia. And James Douglas tried to expand into Alaska the Company's command of the fur trade.

The whole northwest coast from Alaska to California at first had been taken possession of by the Russians from the north and the Spaniards from the south. Then the British had stepped in midway and, through the convention of Nootka in 1792 between the captains Vancouver and Quadra, had secured a vast strip of the coast. But the field for many years remained open to all. Only after the fusion of the North West and the Hudson's Bay Companies was a definite plan of coastal expansion adopted and pursued. The North West Company had been the overland pioneer with its explorers Mackenzie, Fraser, Thompson and, later, with Doctor John McLoughlin. James Douglas, a native of Jamaica, whose mother was a Creole, also had been a Nor'wester; and like other Nor'westers he was gifted with a sense of pioneering. No sooner did he get into the saddle with the Hudson's Bay Company in the early thirties than he endeavoured on behalf of his concern to grasp a good share of the rich returns of the fur trade among the northwestern natives. He boldly ventured into Alaska, on the *Dryad*, in 1840, with the plan of establishing posts at the mouth of the Stikine River and on Taku Inlet; these would serve as outlets for the trade with the interior. But he failed on the Stikine because of

the Russians and their confederates, the Tlinkit, who were determined to guard their privileges, which were like a monopoly, already almost a century old.

The only success Douglas then achieved was in settling the boundaries between the Russians and the British, which were eventually to be those of Alaska and British Columbia. We read, in Douglas's journal for 1840-1841, that "Tongass [now on the border] is to be held as neutral ground, where either party may touch and trade provisions, but neither are to purchase furs, and the Indians may carry their furs to the market that suits them best; the close proximity of that place to Fort Simpson renders such a precaution necessary for the protection of our trade;" and an equal tariff for the Russian and the British companies was agreed upon and later virtually observed.

On his way down from the north, in 1840, Douglas stopped over at Fort Simpson (a short distance north of the present Prince Rupert) and had an opportunity to observe at first hand this new Hudson's Bay Company's centre of native barter and intertribal relations. Fort Simpson for many years was, indeed, the most important post on the sea between Fort Vancouver on the Columbia and Sitka in Alaska, where the Russian-American Company had its seat. Its function was not only to draw to itself a great deal of the northern fur business, but also to inaugurate a new regime for the benefit of the company, a regime of peace and order among warlike natives, long demoralized by contacts and encounters with predatory seamen, and now addicted to a slave trade of their own which made them constantly infringe upon one another's preserves.

The early annals of Fort Simpson show how arduous a task its factors—Chief Trader Aemilius Simpson, John Work and Peter Skene Ogden—had taken upon themselves. The establishment was many times beset with difficulties, if not at times besieged by the natives, and its safety was threatened.

Originally known as Fort Nass, it was founded, in 1831, near the mouth of the Nass River close to Portland Canal, at a place on tidewater now named Graveyard Point, previously known as Fort Point or Cemetery Point and, to the Indians, Suskanmilks. We may wonder why its founders had so unwisely selected this inhospitable shore, which was rocky, almost devoid of fresh water, without a harbour, exposed to the strong winds of the Nass sweeping down the river for nearly three months in the year, where the cold in the winter prevented the Indians from approaching, and made it risky in other seasons for the coast Indians to venture forth in their canoes because of the treacherous disposition of the river natives. Perhaps it was because the point seemed sheltered, was close to the Russian frontier and less than a score of miles from Fishery Bay on the Nass where three nations—the Tsimsyan, the Tlinkit and the Haida—gathered in the spring for *oolachen* (candlefish) fishing and barter. Fishery Bay, with its rows of huts extending miles on both shores near the end of tide water, stood at the head of Grease Trails (so called because of the oolachen or candlefish grease, a vital commodity) reaching out fan wise into the interior.

Intertribal jealousies and feuds, if not the climate, forced the white traders to shift their foothold to a safer harbour, one to which their customers could resort at all times in the year without fear of murder or molestation. A paragraph in Tolmie's diary on the departure of the company's personnel from the Nass, suffices to show how precarious was the situation.

"No sleep could be obtained on the *Dryad* anchored a short distance from the shore, a drunken orgy of the wildest kind taking place [on the shore]; firearms were discharged, and shrieks and yells filled the air. Among it all could be heard the ripping and hammering of timber, and when the short summer night was over, the destruction of the fort was nearly complete. On the tide suiting in the morning, the *Dryad* sailed."

It seems that the removal was brought about, in 1834, by an alliance between Kennedy, the local factor, and Legyarh, virtually the head chief of the Tsimsyan and the powerful leader of all the Eagle clans; Kennedy's Indian mate was Legyarh's daughter and Legyarh was glad to avail himself of this opportunity to enhance his already great prestige. Legyarh was no mean trader on his own account; he had relatives and friends at home and abroad, among the Tlinkit of Alaska and the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands. And he was a famous warrior, whose frequent raids on the coast and up the Skeena brought him slaves and new wealth. The new fort was therefore established on

A Tsimsyan family of high rank in full regalia.

Legyarh's own domain close to the sea in a sheltered harbour known under the Tsimsyan name of Larh-kwaralamps—Place-of-wild-roses.

The white men named it Fort (later Port) Simpson, after Aemilius Simpson, who had died at Fort Nass and whose body had been reinterred at the new post. From the moment of its removal, the fort became a thriving centre of business and frontier life on the Pacific Coast, into which we can give here only a few glimpses.

Nine or ten of the Tsimsyan tribes, about 2500 strong, gathered around the new fort and resided there part of the year in large square cedar-plank houses arranged in tribal clusters. During the fishing and hunting seasons they resorted in family groups to their territories and stations on the coast or on the Skeena River as far up as the canyon. But they were always on hand for the barter, the winter festivals, and whatever feuds happened to break out among rivals or enemies.

By means of a fair and shrewd diplomacy, the factors managed to weather the storms and to keep on good terms with their restless customers from various nations. After Kennedy's alliance with the Legyarh's Eagle faction, another local head of the Company, Captain William McNeill (a native of Boston who had commanded the brig *Llama* and travelled back and forth from Honolulu to the Northwest Coast), likewise took an Indian mate who brought to him and the Company the support and the inner knowledge of a leading Wolf clan of the Nass River. So that now both the Eagles and the Wolves of the Tsimsyans and their allies abroad formed an implicit confederacy with the white traders. In 1835, the Company established a subsidiary station at Port Essington, known to the natives as Spukchu, at the mouth of the Skeena River. Although its whole personnel at times numbered less than twenty men, sheltered behind a palisade, a heavy gate, and protected by a few ineffective guns, it could always keep the colours flying and the prestige of the Company unimpaired.

Yet there were trying times and days of strife. For instance, in the manuscript journal of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Simpson for 1834–1837, we read that the Tsimsyans had fought with Tongass (Tlinkit) Indians in front of the fort; nine were killed, etc. . . .; that the factor had trouble on his hands because an employee, a Sandwich Islander, had kicked a native boy; that a group of Massett Haidas (from the Queen Charlotte Islands) had fought among themselves outside the gates, five being killed; that, in 1836, there had been a battle between the fort and the Indians; that a mutiny had broken out among the very employees of the Company on the *Beaver*; that a local chief, named CacKas (?), in a fit of anger had claimed the very land on which the fort stood and had wanted the white traders to "clear out"; that casualties were many around the trading post in the fights between the Tongass, the Stikine (both Tlingit from the Russian territories), the Haida, the Nass River natives and the Tsimsyan. There were lesser troubles too between the first missionary, Duncan, the "pagans," and the clerks of the Company, whose standards of living could not be ironed out to everybody's satisfaction. Drunken orgies and smallpox among the tribes often were a cause of anxiety for the Company's staff, consisting of half-breeds, French-Canadians, Orkney men, and Sandwich Islanders, who always remained barricaded behind stout gates.

Once, about 1855, the Tsimsyans tried to burn the fort for some unknown reason. And the fort, this time, retaliated with shots from the mouth of the cannons in the corner bastions. But ammunition was scarce. The Indians still enjoy telling how the chief factor would pay a shilling for every cannon ball brought back to be fired again!

This fight was the theme of a few interesting pictures painted not so long ago by Frederick Alexie (a Port Simpson half-breed, now in his eighties), two of which are reproduced here; they give a good idea of the locality, the fort and the group of native houses on the island and the mainland; also of the *Beaver* in the harbour, and of the battle raging between the two factions, the visiting Haidas and their begrudging hosts the Tsimsyans.

An account of this quarrel is found in Clah's (a native convert's) journal, which I interpret in current idiom—his was broken, almost unintelligible, English:

"One day I went, a naked little fellow, into the chief's house; he was Legyarh, the big chief, Kennedy's father-in-law. There were two hundred Haida canoes on the beach, in three rows; they had come from Skidegate, to trade dried halibut and potatoes in the town.

"The people, the day following their arrival, went to buy halibut and to sell oolachen grease in exchange. Among them—men, women and children—was Legyarh's daughter-in-law, a handsome young woman from an island below. A Haida woman, calling her, offered a bundle of dried halibut for the box of grease she was holding forth. But the halibut was not to her liking and she would not accept. Incensed, the Haida threw the bundle into the face of the Tsimsyan woman with a sneer.

"Legyarh's daughter-in-law, smarting under the insult began to cry. She dropped her grease box and went to Legyarh's house, the Beaver-House of the Eagles on the Island.

" 'What makes my son's wife cry?' asked the chief.

" 'She has shamed me!' was her answer, and she pleaded: 'Send two warriors, two strong men, and make her man a slave.'

"Legyarh did so and the husband of the Haida woman was brought back, a slave to Legyarh's daughter-in-law.

"But the Haidas were a powerful warlike people; they would not accept humiliation even from their ally, the mighty Legyarh. Nobody knows who fired first, but Legyarh's nephew, as he was crouching under his uncle's house, was shot through the eye by a Haida, and Legyarh commanded: 'All Tsimsyan kill all Haida!'

"The fighting [as represented in Alexie's pictures] lasted two days and two nights, until Dr. Kennedy, who was married to Legyarh's daughter, shouted, 'Stop!'

"But they would not stop, so he began to fire the big guns. The beach was covered with dead Haidas. As nobody wanted the bodies to rot there, the fight died out in the end. The bodies were buried on the hillside, where the wild cherry trees now stand.

"On the morrow, the Haidas said, 'Better tell Legyarh's nephew to make peace.' And they made peace. Everybody cried and shed many tears. After a few days the islanders went away, bringing with them the woman who had insulted Legyarh's daughter and started all the trouble.

"Upon reaching their home at Skidgate, the Haidas wanted to tear that woman to pieces, three men at

each arm, at each leg. Her uncle came out of his house, crying: 'Stop it! Let her go!' And he was willing to pay her ransom. It took him many years, as nearly two hundred had died."

Exaggerated as may be this naive account, it gives an idea of what must have been the feelings of the trade pioneers within wooden walls; they were marooned, as it were, in the whirlpools of a wild frontier life.

The following description of Fort Simpson as it stood in 1859 is taken from a manuscript of the Bancroft Collection, entitled "Forts and Fort Life in New Caledonia under Hudson's Bay Company Regime, by Pyms Nevins Compton, Victoria, 1878":

"The fort was built on the same model as those of Rupert and Victoria; the only difference was in the size, that of Victoria being larger and with more buildings. The palisaded enclosure at Fort Simpson, about two hundred feet square, surrounded several buildings, a well and a garden. The houses and stores, two stories high, with shingle roofs, were built of logs ten to twelve inches square. The doors and sashes were painted and the walls whitewashed.

"One of the most interesting features of the establishment, naturally, was the palisade. It was composed of pickets and a bastion at each corner"—according to Compton's MS—or rather, as shown in the plan, at two corners diagonally opposite. In each bastion stood four guns, old eight pounders.

"The gates were massive structures about six or seven inches thick, studded with large nails, to guard against their being cut down by the natives. There were small doors within so as to admit only one person at a time. A small box for the gate-keeper stood near the front gate.

"The pickets surrounding the establishment were of cedar, about twenty-two feet long by nine to twelve inches thick; they were square laterally, to prevent bullets from passing between, sunk four feet deep in the ground, and attached to cross pieces, about four feet from the top, by means of wooden pegs or oblique notches. The ends of these cross pieces, about fifteen feet long, were morticed into stouter pickets called king posts.

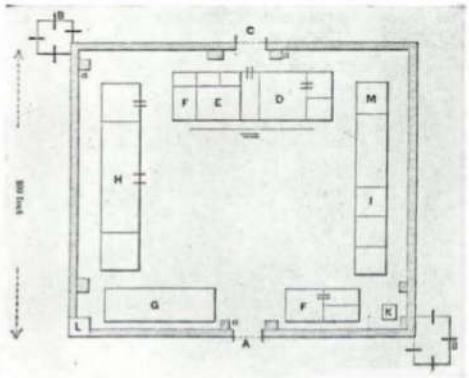
"An inside gallery ran around the whole enclosure of pickets at about four feet from the top, and afforded a capital promenade and a means of seeing everything. It was reached by a staircase giving separate entrance to the upper bastions, which were octagonal and loopholed for musketry.

"A regular watch was kept all night in a small turret, surmounted by the flag staff, over the gate. Every half hour the call 'All's well!' was repeated in nautical fashion."

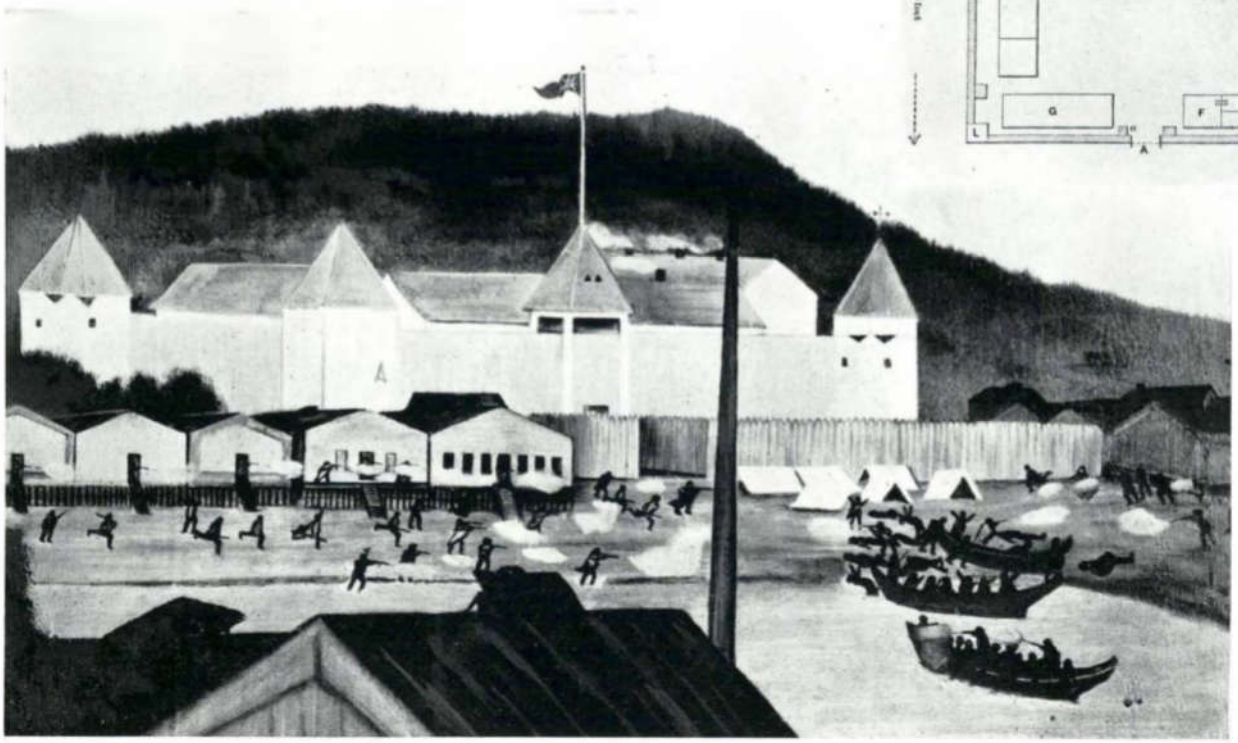
Fort Simpson, in Compton's own words, was "a typical fort, well kept, well built, and one of the finest on the coast." Captain McNeill was in charge at that time (1859) and the personnel consisted of thirteen other men, Orkneymen, French-Canadians and Norwegians. The steamer *Beaver*, replaced later by the *Labouchere*, served all the posts along the west coast.

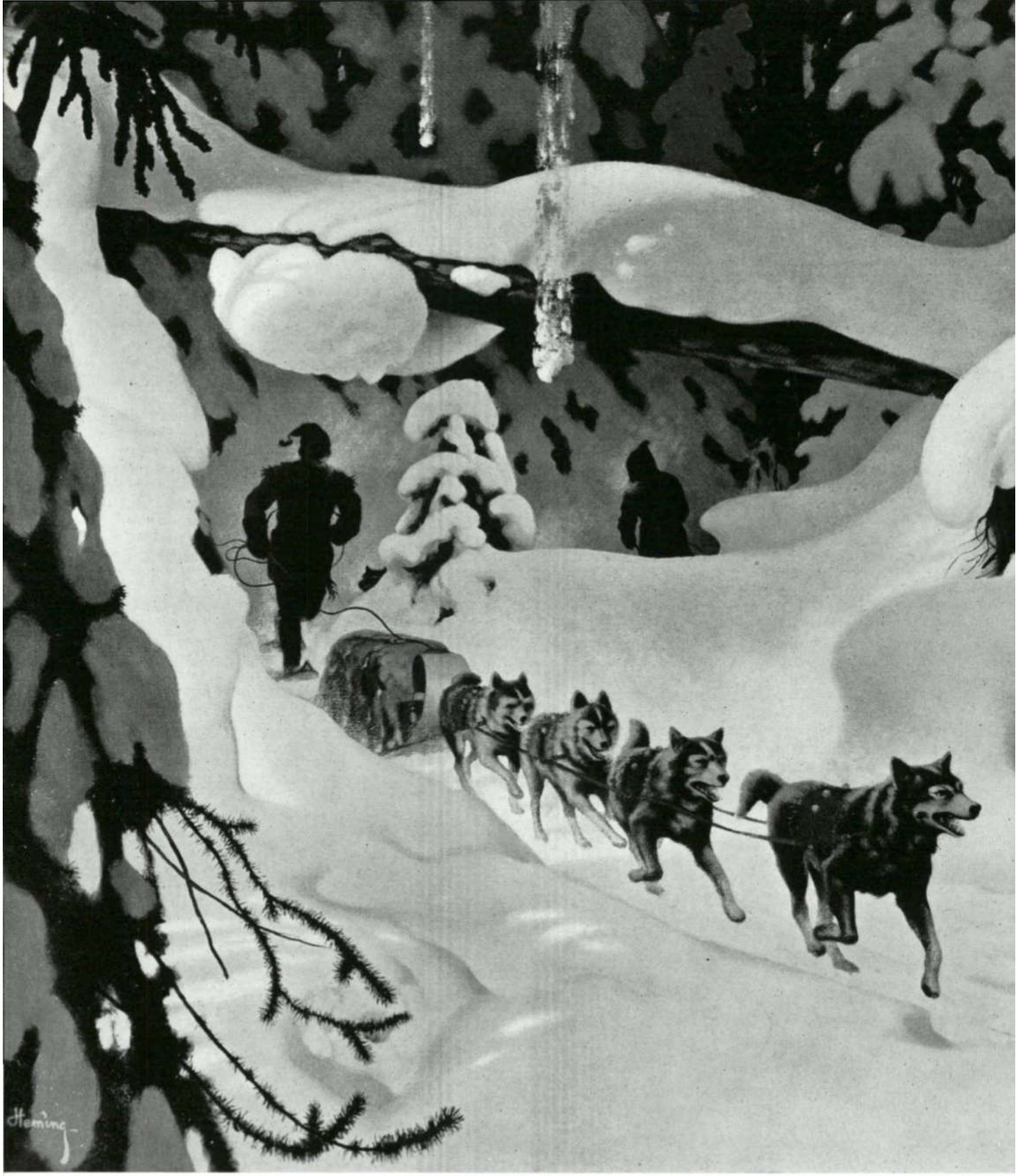
Operations were carried on there by the Company until 1911, when the post was closed. Four years later, when the author was engaged in research among the local Indians, the two remaining buildings were burned down. In 1934, just a century after the establishment of the original fort on that site, the post was reopened. It is now the only Hudson's Bay post on the entire Pacific Coast, and serves the needs of a community composed of some fifty whites and six hundred natives and half-bloods.

Plan of Fort Simpson in 1859-66, by P. N. Compton, Victoria, 1878, from Bancroft's "North West Coast." A, Front entrance; B, B, bastions, 4 guns; C, back entrance; D, commanding officer's quarters; E, mess room; F, F, officers' quarters; G, trade shop; H, warehouse; I, men's houses; K, blacksmith shop; L, carpenter shop; M, kitchen; a, a, steps to gallery along palisade.



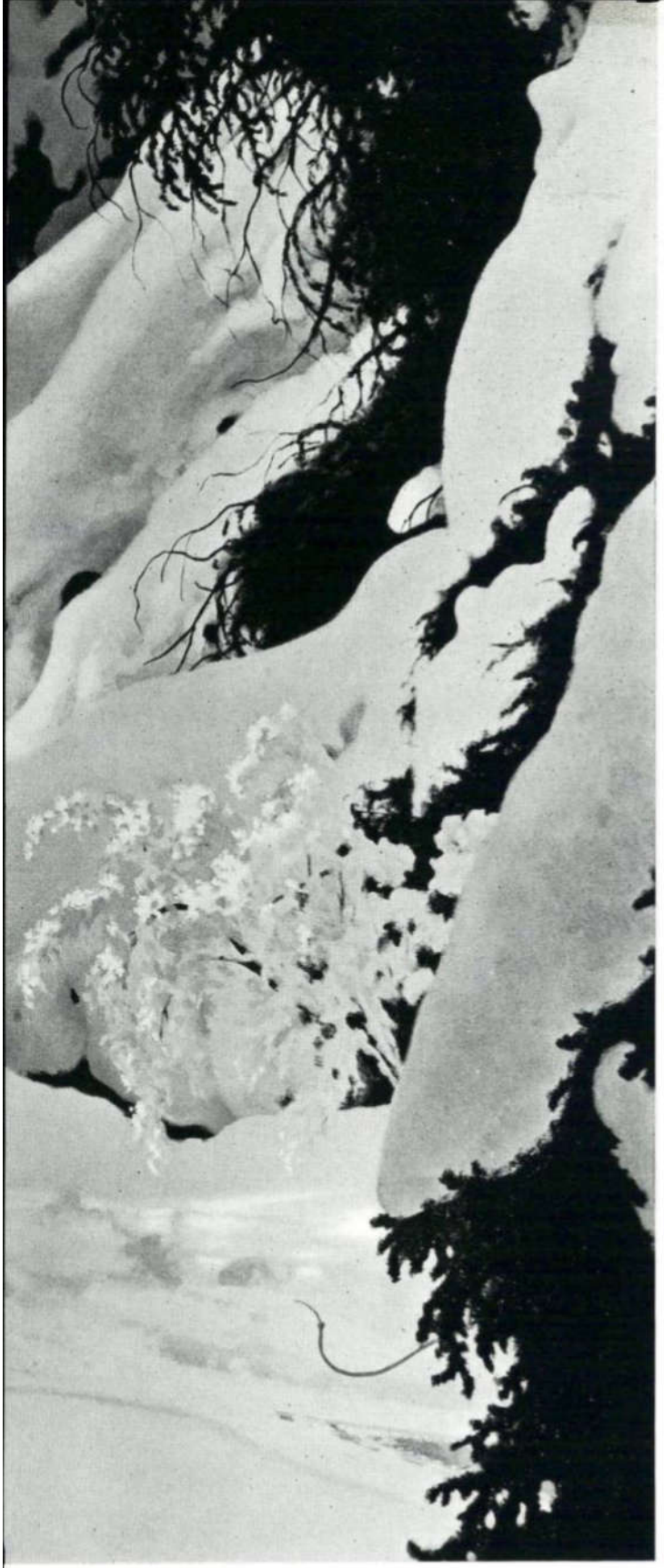
The battle between the Haidas and Tsimsyans at Fort Simpson. Painted by Frederick Alexie.





Dog Brigade nearing a Fur Post

The driver holds in his hand the thong for holding back the toboggan when it slides downhill. Part of the snowshoe and whiplash of another driver are glimpsed on the right. The dogs wear saddles with bells on.



Owned by General Motors of Canada

The Art of Arthur Heming

by W. J. Phillips, R.C.A.

WHEN I last saw Arthur Heming, which was in December 1939, I asked him how the new book was progressing. It was an idle question. I knew that the book was well advanced several years ago, and that it had been laid aside because his mind was full of painting.

For a full ten years the conception and production of some seventy canvases depicting the wild life and the pioneer days of Canada has consumed his time and energy. The idea of painting seemed to obsess him. As one canvas neared completion he visualized another. He worked steadily. There was no vain prolonged search for material. His memory was stocked with it. He painted as if impelled by supernal forces, setting down his experiences, dramatizing life as he knew it on the fringes of civilization, and interpreting by the same act the wild beauty of the land of his birth. No time for writing! He was fully occupied in devising a legacy for Canada and a lasting monument to his own genius.

He answered the question, much to my surprise, by saying that he had decided to quit painting and revert to writing. Thus the book will be finished, and I must find a place for it on my shelves beside his others—"Spirit Lake," "The Drama of the Forests," and "The Living Forest."

I first met Heming, then a man of letters, about twenty-five years ago. He was in Winnipeg rummaging among the old journals and accounts in the Hudson's Bay Company's archives, before they were removed to London. The prelude to this periodic commutation between painting and writing occurred in his youth. As a successful illustrator he was sent into the Canadian wilderness to accompany a writer and paint pictures. The writer failed in his effort and Heming felt obligated to compose a text to go with his pictures so that they should not be wasted. The result was "Spirit Lake," and it was immediately successful. The serial rights were sold seven times. It was published in the Paris monthly, *Je Sais Tout*, the *Windsor Magazine* (London), and the *Metropolitan Magazine* (New York).

Heming once told me that he finds writing very hard work. He proceeds slowly and methodically. The same deliberate care and thought is devoted to his painting. He has tidy habits and a tidy mind. His studio was always tidy whenever you happened to call. It was a light and roomy studio on the top floor of a building at the corner of Yonge and Bloor in Toronto. It was the very antithesis of the prevailing idea of an artist's work-room, being extremely neat and well furnished, more like a library but for the easel, the model-throne and such impedimenta as jars of brushes.

He explained to me on one occasion his method of composition. I gathered that his central theme is often some effect in nature whose beauty and surprise had kept it fresh in his recollection—sometimes an atmospheric effect, an unusual conformation of snow, or some particularly graceful pose of an animal. Miniature pencil drawings of this are repeated on a sheet of paper. At each repetition accessories are added and new detail visualized. Thus a design is built up in logical sequences. The accessories—they may be figures—may ultimately give the title to the picture, the true subject losing importance. He has no sketches and few notes; his observation is unusually keen and accurate, and his memory is astounding. The picture is completed entirely from memory. To be able to work successfully in this way has always seemed to me to mark the highest point of technical development to which an artist can attain.

William Arthur Deacon attributes Heming's success as a writer to his shrewdness in choice of subjects. The same may be said of his painting. Its appeal is direct and immediate. "He has brought the poetry and romance and loneliness of the Canadian North to London," wrote a contributor to *The Sphere*, "as it is safe to say no other living artist could do. In each of his extraordinary pictures he holds you with the sheer dramatic force of the incident depicted and leaves for all time in colours of flame a record of wild life that is rapidly passing."

Every painting has a landscape background, mostly forest, but he has never painted a pure landscape, that is, a landscape without figures. Pure landscape is a modern fad. Not so long ago it was thought to be lacking in pictorial interest. The point is still argued. There is no doubt whatever that the presence of man, or evidence of his presence, adds interest to nature. There is the romance and the pathos of his eternal struggle with the elements. The life and movement suggested by his restlessness contrast with nature's comparative immobility; his puny figure gives scale to nature's magnitude.

The famous Group of Seven painted pure landscapes, and their works have served to represent the Canadian scene in many foreign countries during the past twenty years. Whilst I do not wish to question their merit, I must add that these paintings might have represented Russia, Finland, Norway or Sweden just as well. The members of this group were praised as the creators of a National School of Painting.

Arthur Heming introduced red-coated Mounties, skinclad Indians, trappers, voyageurs, lumbermen, and many indigenous animals and birds in his pictures, and, although this is no proof at all of their pictorial excellence, there is no doubt of their authenticity. He depicted indeed all the characteristic figures and forms associated with the northern wilderness. The great organization of the Hudson's Bay Company often dominates the scene through its packeteers and boat-

Rocky Mountain Packet

As soon as the ice goes out the H B C packet starts on its long and perilous journey through the Rockies, carrying the mail from post to post.

Owned by General Motors of Canada

To Dance the New Year In Owned by T. Wilbur Best

An Indian trapper and his wife emerge from the woods to cross a frozen lake. On his back and on the toboggan are some furs that they have trapped to trade at the Hudson's Bay post seen in the distance.

men, its posts, and its vast system of transport. I cannot think of any aspect of frontier life that he has not made a theme for a poem in paint. Perhaps that is the reason for his retirement: it may be that he has exhausted the subjects that may be recorded in this medium. Yet his power of invention seems to be inexhaustible. I do not recall that he has ever repeated himself.

Consider his treatment of snow—soft falling snow, wet clinging snow, frozen glistening snow in sub-zero weather, snow eroded by the sun and converted into fantastic white mushrooms, snow bridges, iridescent snow in sunlight and shadow, gray snow under a cloudy sky.

Heming painted pictures in colour for exactly ten years. Prior to that he worked in black and white and yellow. "The Living Forest" is illustrated with pictures done in this technique. Very charming they are, with the decorative quality of a Japanese print. It was his friend Richard Jack, the English R.A., who persuaded him in 1930, to work with a full palette; in fact Jack set a palette for him, and urged him to go to it.

His first picture in colour was "To Dance the New Year In." From the depths of the forest the beholder looks out on a frozen lake or river, beside which nestles comfortably a Company post. An Indian plods along the trail towards it, followed by his squaw dragging a toboggan. There is evidence of a heavy snowfall in the laden branches of the conifers; saplings in the foreground are swathed in white. The winter sun plays upon this fairyland, gilding the snowy surfaces which his fingers touch and thrusting the rest into a penumbra tinted blue, violet, and gray-green.

The last painting Heming produced is as sad as this is gay. Here is what might well be the same forest and the same Indian couple as trod the trail to the post. But this is a sombre scene: the forest is devastated, black boles burned to grotesque shapes project through the snow; the Indians are dejected and the sun is not shining. This is to-day: this is "White Man's Country."

A picture that remains vividly in my recollection represents a logger in danger of imminent death. He is riding the end of a log which evidently ran wild from a jam higher up the river. It is poised on the brink of a waterfall. The incident is portrayed with tremendous force. Against a background of black rock a great volume of white water carries the unfortunate logger to inevitable destruction. All is fierce movement and turbulence.

In direct contrast to this is a placid representation of a North canoe—bearing, by the way, the coat-of-arms of the Company—with its crew enjoying a "pipe," all reflected in still water. I understand distances were formerly described as so many "pipes," and looked up

Adventurers Owned by Alexander J. McNab

Travelling in a North canoe, a party of voyageurs have put up a pair of Hudson's Bay blankets as a sail. The "masts" are supported by tump-lines—long leather straps for carrying burdens and hauling toboggans.

R. M. Ballantyne's "Hudson's Bay" for an authoritative pronouncement. Here it is:

"The men used to row for a space of time, denominated a Pipe, so called from the circumstance of their taking a smoke at the end of it. Each spell lasted for nearly two hours, during which time they rowed without intermission. The smoke usually occupied five or ten minutes, after which they pulled again for two hours more, and so on."

This is a large and important painting and should be in Winnipeg, which used to be a centre for inland water transport.

These brief descriptions, together with the accompanying reproductions of other canvases, give some idea of the wide but definite range of Heming's subjects. Add to these a group of animal and bird pictures. The series as a whole is a complete panorama of life along the winter trails and upon the inland waters of Canada. Of all our artists, Heming is acclaimed the most gifted recorder of this aspect of our national life. It is a phase of life that is past. The York boat and the North canoe are obsolete; the picturesque costumes of voyageur and Indian have been laid aside; the wild animals have been driven to remote corners.

The spirit in which Heming approaches his subject is the same that inspired Ballantyne, who came to Canada with a fresh, enthusiastic eye, and was quick to see the romance and colour of the country. Ballantyne, by the way, also painted what he saw, though not so well as Heming.

Heming was born in Hamilton some seventy years ago. At seventeen he was already selling characteristic drawings to Canadian and American magazines. These and his subsequent work were the fruits of observations made on his travels in the west and the north. His movements were often facilitated by the Hudson's Bay Company, and it is significant that much of his work reflects the mode of life around a Company post previous to the mechanization of transport. His study of animals in their native haunts has always been supplemented by the more intimate study of the same subjects in captivity.

His style is his own. He has never been affiliated with any school, movement, or group. In 1933 he was

elected an associate member of the Royal Canadian Academy, but that involves none but general moral obligations, and is an honour appreciated by both parties. He is not, I regret to say, represented in the National Gallery at Ottawa, and that is a mistake which should be rectified at once.

Heming was lionized in London on three separate occasions, first as an illustrator, when his drawings appeared in the best periodicals of two continents; then as an author, with three books to his name; and finally, in 1934, as a painter. In June of that year he took a score of his paintings overseas and displayed them in the galleries of Frost and Reed on King Street. Despite hard times the success of the show was never in doubt from the start. The Canadian High Commissioner opened the exhibition formally. Patrons of the arts, intrigued by the laudatory tone of the press notices, flocked to attend, and competed for the possession of those desirable canvases. Practically every picture was sold. Six were acquired by one American collector. I have a sheaf of the press cuttings before me now.

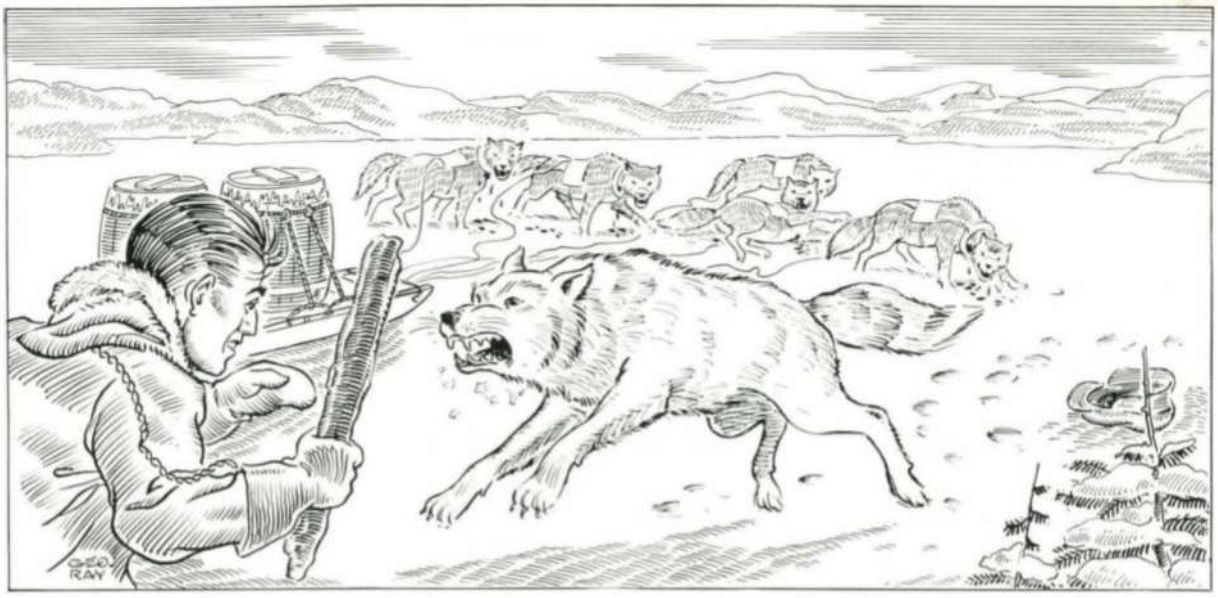
The *Studio* wrote: "He has painted the Canadian scene . . . in a series of vivid, dramatic, unforgettable paintings, stamped with his own individuality and displaying his unrivalled knowledge of his subject. It is a remarkable achievement."

The *Connoisseur* said: "A white man, as wise as an Indian in the devious ways of Canadian wild life, albeit a painter, is Arthur Heming. . . . Through his activities as traveller, hunter, illustrator, author and painter, he has acquired an international reputation. He possesses an astonishingly vigorous style, the more saisissant because it owes nothing to any classified school or tradition. He revels in the dramatic incidents of field and forest, interpreting them in boldly emphasized patterns and in sweeping and strongly marked rhythms—the sense of which doubtless came to him through his observations of the movement of wild things against the northern background of snow and crystal-clear air. Clearly Heming is a born decorator. The uses he makes of snow forms are a revelation and are certainly a new feature in art. The story of his prodigious activity refers us to the heroic age of the pioneers."

Heming's retirement has been spoken of as a tragedy. I cannot regard it as such. Literature will gain what the art of painting loses. At any rate he has many more years left him for active labour, for he is still strong and vigorous.

Their Only Chance

The crew of a small York boat escape from a forest fire at night, while a bull moose and black bear swim for their lives.
Owned by General Motors of Canada



"He cowed the dogs and came for the man . . ."

The Mad Wolf at Fort Churchill

by Mrs. George R. Ray Illustration by George Ray, Jr.

IT was at Churchill late in 1905. I was the only white woman at the post; in fact, the only other white woman in that part was the missionary's mother at York Factory, one hundred and eighty miles south.

One day my husband with the clerk and the interpreter were leaving the store for their mid-day meal. My husband, on looking down the winter track, which was used for hauling the year's supply of wood, remarked casually to George Oman, the interpreter, "Whose dog is that coming up the track? It looks like Charlie's."

George took one look.

"That's no dog, sir! That's a wolf," he cried, and ran to get a gun. Mr. Ray and Mr. Learmonth ran for the house. They dashed madly in, leaving the porch door wide open, also the inner door, in their excitement. They found the rifle, but the ammunition was not so easily located, and there ensued a frantic search. Meanwhile I was pacing up and down the dining-room with the baby in my arms, and dinner was waiting on the table.

The mad wolf came straight on fearlessly, right to the fort. The little children playing out in the snow had all disappeared, snatched in by frightened mothers. The huge animal tackled the dogs one after another.

Presently, into the house rushed the interpreter's son. "The wolf! The wolf!" he cried, slamming the inner door just in time. As it closed, I caught a glimpse of the gigantic animal. It came into the porch, circled around and went out. The missionary's dog, who had followed the boy, was the wolf's next victim. He was a beautiful big animal, but the wolf was bigger. They fought together ferociously but the dog soon had to give up, badly mauled, and the wolf went on his way down the water track which led to a hot spring. From there the water was fetched in two big barrels every day during the winter with a team of dogs.

All quietened down at the fort, and dinner was eaten amid much talk.

The day's work was resumed after lunch hour. My husband and the clerk went back to the store with the interpreter. The children came out to play again but were careful to stay close to their homes. The population did not consist of many at the time, as the Eskimos and Chipewyan Indians had left for their hunting grounds a month before. The wolf was momentarily forgotten, and Johnny, the "wood-and-water man," harnessed his team of five huskies to the big sled with the two empty water barrels upon it, and set off down the water track through the scrub to the spring. There are no large trees at Churchill. The ground is rocky and more or less barren but for the tiny stunted trees, or "scrub" as it is called.

Johnny had driven about a mile, when on the track ahead the mad wolf appeared, coming toward the team. The brute attacked the husky dogs one after the other, slashing and tearing at them with his long fangs. Johnny gripped the heavy stick with which he fortunately had supplied himself, and prepared for his turn. The wolf did not hesitate. He cowed the dogs and came for the man, springing at his throat. Johnny dropped to his knees, then jumped up, only to fall again. But he struggled up again, and with a great effort landed a smashing blow with his stick. The wolf was struck on his most sensitive spot, the nose. He wavered and fell over, and Johnny, with a pounding heart, quickly battered the animal's head in. Then he rallied his bitten dogs, threw off the water barrels, replaced them with the dead wolf, and drove back to the fort. He was the hero of the day and as proud a man as he could be. To kill a wolf with nothing but a stick is a feat in itself—and much more so when the wolf is mad. I saw the animal before they skinned him. He was a monstrous brute with a beautiful white coat.

As time went on, the dogs the mad wolf had fought died, one after the other. They showed no signs of madness, but became thinner and thinner, the team of five included. Last to die was the missionary's beautiful dog. He lived three months after being bitten, and was the only one to show signs of madness. Finally he had to be chained for safety's sake. Even then he lived a week or ten days. When he died he was a mere skeleton of his former self.

Lord Selkirk's Ghost Writer

by W. S. Wallace

Some notes on John Halkett, writer, artist, collector, and member of the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company.

ABOUT one hundred and twenty-five years ago, there were stirring times in the Canadian Northwest. Lord Selkirk and the partners of the North West Company of Montreal had joined battle in a struggle which resulted in the famous massacre of Seven Oaks in 1816, and ultimately in the absorption of the Nor'westers by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821.

This struggle, the story of which has been told many times, was accompanied by a paper warfare in which perhaps more printer's ink was spilled than in any other controversy in Canadian history. Between 1805 and 1821, more than thirty books and pamphlets were published in Canada and Great Britain on one side or the other of the "Selkirk Controversy."

For the Nor'westers, the chief literary protagonist in the controversy was an interesting, if somewhat disreputable, hack-writer named Samuel Hull Wilcocke, whose story is one of the curiosities of the early literary history of Canada.

For Lord Selkirk, the chief literary champion was a member of the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company named John Halkett. Lord Selkirk had himself started the ball rolling with his "Sketch of the British Fur-trade in North America, with observations relative to the North-West Company of Montreal," published in London in 1816; but on his departure for Canada late in 1815, he evidently entrusted his literary defence to John Halkett, who had that year married his sister, the Lady Katherine Douglas. In January, 1817, John Halkett issued anonymously a privately printed "Statement respecting the Earl of Selkirk's Settlement of Kildonan," which was distributed among Lord Selkirk's friends; and in June, 1817, he published in London a new, revised and enlarged edition of the Statement, which was republished in New York, and of which a French translation by Hugues Heney was brought out in Montreal. He published also in Montreal, in 1818, a postscript to this Statement, which gave rise to Daniel McKenzie's pamphlet, referred to above; and in 1819 he printed the "Correspondence in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, between Earl Bathurst and J. Halkett, Esq., on the subject of Lord Selkirk's Settlement at the Red River." He was also probably responsible for the publication in London, during the same year, of the "Narratives of John Pritchard, Pierre Chrysologue Pambrun, and Frederick Damien Huerter, respecting the Aggressions of the North-West Company, against the Earl of Selkirk's Settlement upon Red River."

John Halkett, from a silhouette made in London. Collected by J. C. Atkins and now in the H B C archives. From "Colin Robertson's Correspondence Book."

John Halkett's name did not appear on the title-page of any of these publications as author or editor; and the veil of obscurity which rested over his work as Lord Selkirk's "ghost-writer" has continued to rest over his personality and the details of his life. He gave his name to an important post of the Hudson's Bay Company, Fort Halkett, which was for over half a century in operation on the Liard River, and to Cape Halkett in Alaska, but he himself has remained little more than the shadow of a name.

Curiosity led me, when working not long ago in the archives of Hudson's Bay House in London, to institute some inquiries about John Halkett; and I succeeded in unearthing the leading facts about his life. I found that he was born, probably in Scotland, in 1768, and that, like many another Scot at that time, he came to London to carve out his fortune. He was elected a member of the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company at some time prior to 1809, and thus became a business associate of Lord Selkirk. It has generally been assumed that his connection with the Company was the result of his marriage with Lord Selkirk's sister; but the truth would appear to be the other way about. He appears to have married the Lady Katherine Douglas (at the mature age of forty-seven years) as the result of his connection with Lord Selkirk and the Company. He became Lord Selkirk's

TATTANNAÆUK· Esquimaux Interpreter, named, by the English in Hudsons Bay AUGUSTUS,
the faithful follower of Captains S.r John Franklin, & S.r Geo. Back, & Dr. Richardson, in their Arctic Land Expeditions in N. America.

Water colour by Halkett. A note inside the original frame in his handwriting states: "Augustus had been placed upon the Hudson's Bay establishment at Fort Churchill; and was joined to the several Arctic Land Expeditions which were undertaken by Captains, now Sir John Franklin, and Sir George Back, together with Dr. Richardson. Hearing that Captain Back had returned to North America, Augustus resolved to join him at Fort Reliance, on Great Slave Lake, and accordingly set out with two other persons in 1834. The weather was very severe and his companions, after some time, left him and returned. Augustus, however, persevered, and proceeded alone; but he probably lost his way, and was starved to death. His remains were discovered some time afterwards. The drawing was made from a sketch taken of Augustus at York Fort, Hudson's Bay in 1832 by—J. Halkett." This would indicate that Halkett was in Canada that year.

Pacific Coast ceremonial dagger of whale's bone. An exceptionally fine piece, 21 inches long, inlaid with abalone shell. Like the two water colours and the pipe, it forms part of the Halkett Collection in the Company's Historical Exhibit.

This water colour depicts two Company officers travelling in a six-fathom canoe. Someone has cut off the back of the picture, but the implements for mending the canoe are still visible—the kettle and ladles for the boiling pitch, and the roll of birchbark.

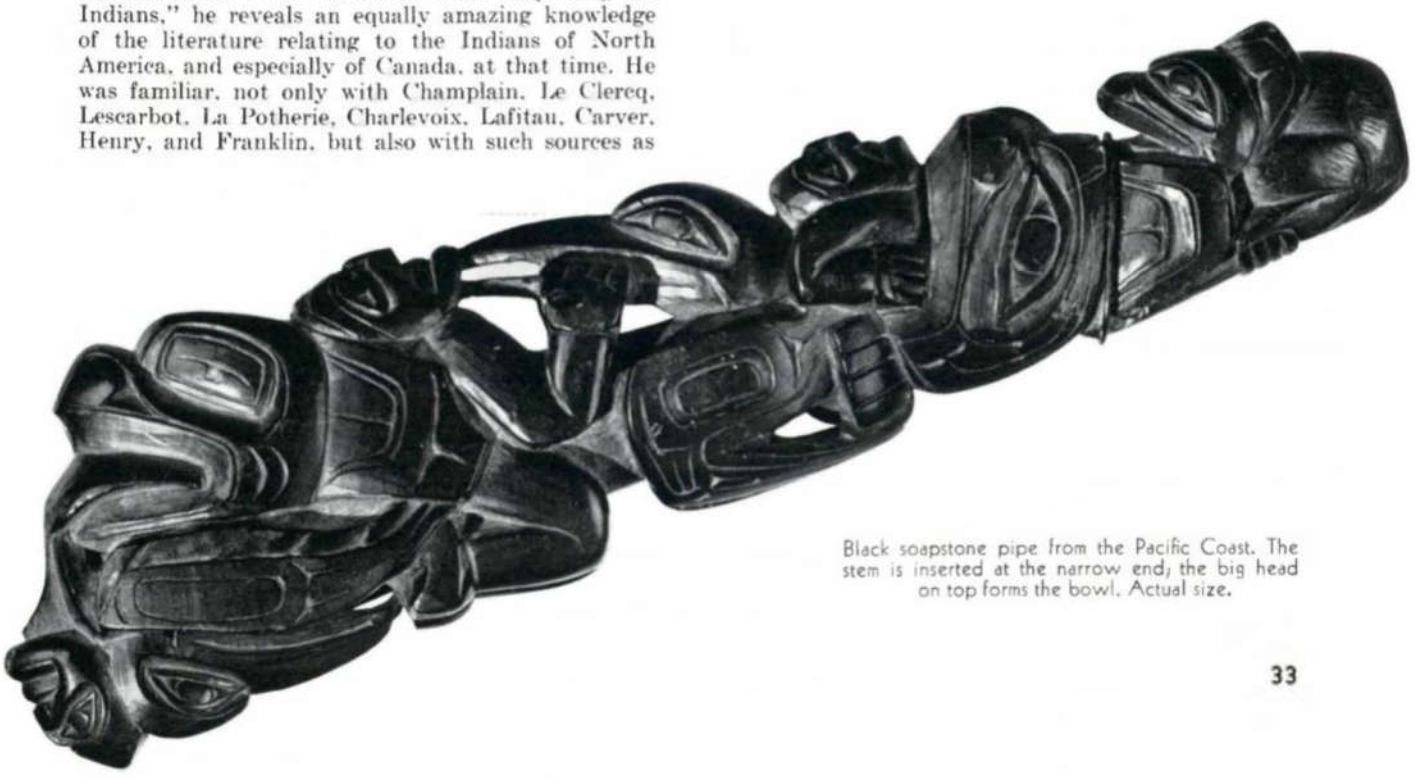
personal representative in England while Selkirk was in Canada during the years 1815-1818, and indeed during his subsequent illness which led to his early and tragic death in France in 1820. In 1822, though then fifty-four years of age, he came to Canada as the representative of the Selkirk estate; and we know that he presided at a meeting of the Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land, held at York Factory, on August 20, 1822. While in America, he evidently became interested in the problem of civilizing and Christianizing the American Indians; and in 1825 he published in London, under his own name, a volume entitled "Historical Notes respecting the Indians of North America, with Remarks on the Attempts made to Convert and Civilize them." He continued to serve for many years on the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company; and he died at Brighton, England, on November 12, 1852, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. His will, which is preserved in Hudson's Bay House in London, disposed of an estate of less than £20,000; and *The Times* did not deem him worthy of an obituary. Only the bare announcement of his death appeared in the column of death notices.

I have not been able to find any description or characterization of John Halkett by his contemporaries; but it is possible to deduce something of his character from the books he published. He was a man of excellent education; for, in his "Statement respecting the Earl of Selkirk's Settlement of Kildonan," he reveals a knowledge of the geography of Canada amazing in one who, so far as we know, had never till then been in Canada, and, in his "Historical Notes respecting the Indians," he reveals an equally amazing knowledge of the literature relating to the Indians of North America, and especially of Canada, at that time. He was familiar, not only with Champlain, Le Clercq, Lescarbot, La Potherie, Charlevoix, Lafitau, Carver, Henry, and Franklin, but also with such sources as the Jesuit Relations and the *Lettres edifiantes et curieuses*. At the same time, he appears to have been a man of self-effacing modesty. Though he had himself visited the Hudson's Bay territories, and had (as we have seen) presided over the Council of the Northern Department, he permits himself, in his book on the Indians, only one personal reminiscence:

"In travelling through the interior of the Indian country a few years ago, I had the opportunity of observing near Lake Winnipic, a Cree (or Knistinaux) woman, who had been for several days watching over a sick daughter, about twelve years of age, apparently extremely ill," etc.

One could wish he had been less reticent, for a detailed account of his visit to the Hudson's Bay Company's territories in 1822 would have made his book of much greater value than it is.

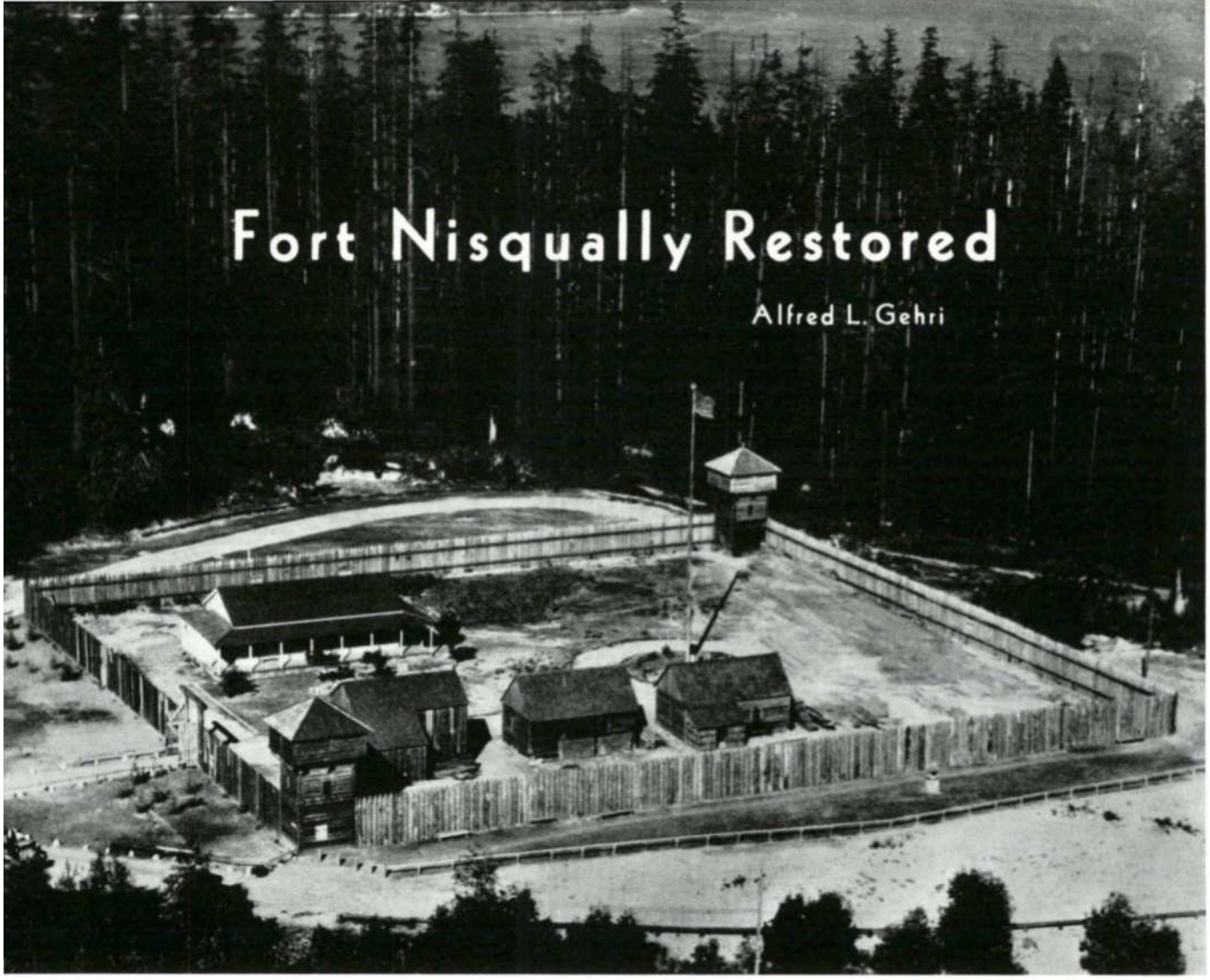
What stands out most strikingly in his book, however, is his humanitarian zeal for the welfare and conversion of the Indians. Like Nicholas Garry, who was instrumental in forming an Auxiliary Bible Society at the Red River Settlement in 1821, John Halkett took his responsibilities as a director of the Hudson's Bay Company very seriously; and his book throws a new and pleasant light on the attitude of the Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay. They were, it is true, business men, with a due regard for pounds, shillings, and pence; but they were also Christian gentlemen inspired with a real desire to confer on the Indians the blessings of religion and civilization.



Black soapstone pipe from the Pacific Coast. The stem is inserted at the narrow end; the big head on top forms the bowl. Actual size.

Fort Nisqually Restored

Alfred L. Gehri



Fort Nisqually in process of restoration. The large building is the factor's house (1853). The other three, left to right, are the store, the granary (1843) and the blacksmith shop. Replicas of four more buildings have since been added. (Photo J. R. Eyerman.)

FORT Nisqually, the old Hudson's Bay Company's trading post founded on Puget Sound in 1833, has been rededicated as a free pioneer museum by the City of Tacoma. The fort has been completely reconstructed of squared logs, whip-sawed lumber, and rough cedar shakes with genuine regard for pioneer craftsmanship. It now stands on an eminence in Point Defiance Park, overlooking Puget Sound's Nisqually Reach, the Olympic Mountains, and the new Tacoma Narrows bridge. (See *The Beaver*, September 1934 "Fort Nisqually Lives Again.")

The original site of the fort, on Nisqually prairie fifteen miles distant, had passed into the hands of the Du Pont Powder Company. Their program of expansion in 1933 threatened the destruction of the only remaining buildings, the factor's house (1853), and the granary (1843), which were the oldest standing buildings in the State of Washington.

The Tacoma Young Men's Business Club obtained the buildings. To reconstruct the historic old fort, they enlisted the aid of the Tacoma Park Board, who donated the new site, and the various unemployment relief agencies, who supplied the necessary labour. An architect was employed, and all available records of the original fort's construction searched. The log palisades, bastions, and the various buildings have been authentically reconstructed and grouped about the original granary and factor's residence.

The Young Men's Business Club embarked upon an ambitious program to publicize the restored Fort Nisqually. Newspapers all over the United States and Canada gave generously of their space, carrying feature articles about the project. The Postal Department permitted the use of a special cachet announcing the opening of the fort. A caretaker versed in northwest history was installed. The results have been gratifying. As many as twenty-five hundred automobiles a day have visited the fort. The register bears the names of tourists from every Canadian province, Australia, India, the British Isles, and each of the United States and its territories.

A group of women, the daughters, granddaughters, and great granddaughters of the pioneers who had settled in the vicinity of Fort Nisqually became interested in the restoration. They believed that the children of today's mechanical age should be made to realize the incessant toil and hardships endured by the pioneers in wresting an existence from the virgin territory. To this end, they gave freely of their family heirlooms, which will be used to furnish the various buildings.

When their dream is realized, the store will be equipped with trade goods as though waiting for the brigades of fur-laden pack horses from the rich newly tapped Cascade territory between the Fraser and Columbia rivers. The old blacksmith shop will be equipped with

Inside the northwest corner of the fort. On the left is the store.

a forge, leather bellows, anvil, tools, and other equipment as it was when the original wrought-iron hardware, some of which has been incorporated in the restored buildings, was hand forged. Similarly, the bakery, with its dough raising troughs, brick ovens, and bread turning paddles will be restored.

The complete restoration of Fort Nisqually is a vision that will take many years to achieve. A great forward step has been made. And with it an appeal is addressed to anyone interested in contributing relics, contemporary letters, or historically valuable information concerning the operation of the fort.

At the impressive program dedicating Fort Nisqually as a pioneer museum, a spirited talk was given by W. P. Bonney, who was born some eighty years ago in the vicinity of the fort. Mr. Bonney, who is secretary of the Washington State Historical Society, voiced again his plea that an effort should be made to unearth the missing volumes of Fort Nisqually's *Journal of Occurrences*. These journals, which record the day-to-day happenings of the fort since its foundation, are complete, except for the books covering the period between May 31, 1839, and January 20, 1846.

These missing volumes, when recovered, will be of great assistance in completing the history of Washington State. For the people of Puget Sound look upon Fort Nisqually as a monument to their pioneer forefathers, and as a memorial to the beloved Dr. William Tolmie of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was he who gladly received and fed the weary settlers, exhausted from their long overland trek to Fort Nisqually and the Promised Land. He extended willing credit to them for the purchase of supplies and equipment for their primitive farms hewn from the wilderness. And in payment he allowed them a fair and generous price for their produce. Restored, Fort Nisqually will be another link in the firm bond of mutual friendship between the United States and Canada.

Dedication of the reconstructed fort as a museum of the City of Tacoma included a flag raising ceremony. (W.P.A. photo.)

Air Mail
R.M.S. Nascopie
A·R
To Miss G. Eunson
% W.H. Clark Lumber Co
10330 - 109 ST
Edmonton
Alberta.
Y AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
ORIGINAL NO. 82
EASTERN ARCTIC MAIL AUG 31 1938 R.M.S. "Nascopie" SERVICE
Coppermine to Edmonton via Mackenzie Air Service
CAMBRIDGE BAY
— To Perry River by M.V. "Tudlik" belonging to Stephen Angulalik in Sept 1939. — To Cambridge Bay via R.C.M.P. patrol in Nov. 1939. (dog team)
1940 — To Coppermine

THE first letter carried through the Northwest Passage by His Majesty's Mails is shown above. It was posted by E. Sillitoe at Edmonton on Dominion Day 1938, and over a year and a half later reached Edmonton again.

One of every denomination of stamp issued by the Dominion was placed on the envelope, and duly postmarked at Craig Harbour, most northerly post office in the Empire. During its travels, the letter passed through four of the places shown on the picture stamps —Winnipeg (Fort Garry Gate); Ottawa (Memorial Chamber); Montreal (Chateau de Ramezay); and up the Mackenzie (airmail). Incidentally, the picture of the H B C S.S. *Distributor* on the six-cent stamp was taken from a photo by Richard Hourde, which has appeared more than once in *The Beaver*.

Leaving Montreal on the *Nascopie* July 9, 1938, the letter arrived at Craig Harbour, where it was registered August 26 and sent on to Fort Ross. There it was to be transferred by Chief Trader Learmonth to the schooner *Aklavik*, but owing to the ice the schooner failed to get through, and six and a half months later the letter was forwarded by dog team to King William Land post. There it stayed until the fall of 1939, when the motor vessel *Tudlik* took it to Perry River post. In November an R.C.M.P. patrol carried it to Cambridge Bay, and in January 1940 another R.C.M.P. dog team carried it to Coppermine. There it was picked up by a plane of the Mackenzie Air Service and flown to Edmonton, where it was delivered through the regular registered mail wicket nearly nineteen months after having been posted there.

Letters from Letitia Hargrave

by A. A. W. Ramsay

York Factory, Hudson Bay, where Mrs. Hargrave wrote her letters. From a sketch made in 1853.

This is the second and last instalment of Mrs. James Hargrave's letters from York Factory in 1840-43.

THERE was none of the excitement at York Factory that one associates with the life of a pioneer. Letitia's brother Willie worked seventeen hours a day at his desk, and his only amusement was an occasional expedition to trap foxes, the skins of which he sold to the Company, giving all the profits he made in charity to the poorer Indians. James Hargrave was kept equally hard at it and, as the factory was understaffed, often for weeks on end Letitia never saw her husband except in bed. She herself had no employment whatever except making clothes for herself and her family. The cooking, even the preparation of her baby's food, she left entirely to the servants.

This baby, Joseph James, was the first white baby born at York, and the whole native population of the district came to see him. "Very fat! Very white!" the squaws exclaimed, bending over the cradle. "I suppose," said an old Indian fisherman wistfully to the nurse, "I suppose us too ugly kiss him?" Margaret answered, "Oh no," and Joseph himself was quite willing to be handed about among the braves, though he howled at the old black squaws. "They always wish to see Baby. . . . They call him *Wastrappe* (Light-Eye)."

Generally speaking, Letitia seems to have preferred the Indians to those of her own race who were at York. She rarely has a kind word to say of the whites, certainly not of the women. The only other "lady" in the factory itself was Mrs. Gladman, wife of the chief factor, and she was a half-breed, who had married a white trader at the age of twelve years and been deserted by him. Gladman then took her, and adopted her whole family of two girls and a boy. Letitia speaks appreciatively of her kindness when Joseph was born, but was not sorry when she left the station.

The ladies who occasionally visited the factory were for the most part missionaries' wives and daughters, and she did not like them any better. Mrs. Evans, wife of the Methodist missionary, she says, was sly and given to back-biting, and had the impertinence to sign herself in a letter, "Your affectionate friend." The Highland Chief's daughter made a point of replying, "Dear Madam." Then there was an elegant young person who sang to the guitar, but had never learned that the instrument required to be tuned occasionally. And there was Mrs. Wills, who "never read the Old Testament because it was really a bad book. There are such disagreeable things that she used to be ashamed in church to hear the sad stories the minister read."

The missionaries themselves Letitia did not like any better, and rarely had a good word for their activities. Attempts to convert the Indians she considered useless, at least the methods and style of teaching adopted. "It stands to reason that a set of perfect [*i.e.* absolute] animals can get no good by hearing of mysterious miracles, and I think that wretches who don't know what it is to have a full meal six times in a year are not likely to have a keen sense of the goodness of God. The very aspect of the country would in some degree chill the feelings of anyone of sound mind."

As for the mission school, her comments are biting. "Children who have had duck geese and venison three times a day" were given "breakfasts of milk and water with dry bread," and their health also suffered from "severe floggings, and the total want of the following meal after any fault. The boys and girls are constantly fainting, but McCallum wont change his system. Many girls have got ill, and as he makes them strip off their Indian clothing and adopt English fashions it is not

surprising. They must have a certain walk every day, plunging through the freezing snow. They wear Indian shoes, but without the cloth stockings or leggins over them the snow gets in, and I need not say that the feelings one undergoes are not comfortable. Then if the mothers are not legally married they are not allowed to see their children. This may be all very right but it is fearfully cruel to the poor unfortunate mother who did not know that there was any distinction and it is only within the last few years that anyone was so married."

She then instanced the case of two half-breed girls at the school, who were "of course prohibited from having any intercourse with their mother, who is in a miserable state of destitution. The poor creature sits in some concealment at McCallum's with deer's head or some such Indian delicacy she has cooked for her daughters and they slip out and see her, as she is almost naked they steal some of their own clothes and give them to her. This is a fearful fault and the young ladies suffer for it, as if any [thing] else could be looked for. Mrs. Gladman reviles the poor Indian mother but I think the father is a much more culpable character leaving children to be brought up by a starving woman, who nevertheless would be always kind to them."

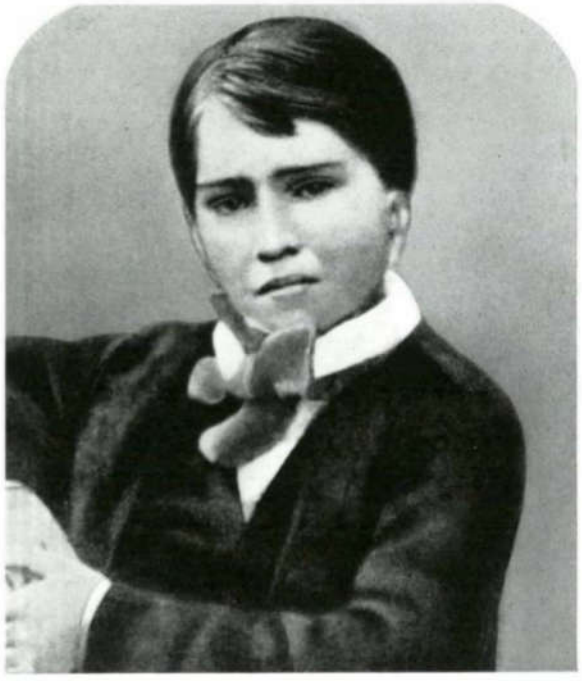
Mr. Evans had made a good beginning. "We are all sick of church and churchmen and are going it very strong with the Methodists who assuredly give us plenty of buttering if they cannot get up genuine gratitude. . . . I dont deny that *we* are anxious to get a good word even from Wesleyans, for no Episcopalian has come who has not reviled the Company for everything that was execrable. They may for what I know be right in all things, but in one, viz., the maltreating of the Indians, they are very far wrong and they must know it too. For in summer the Indians are employed out of charity and till the ship arrives it is ludicrous to see a band of 15 or 16 with their spades or whatever they are using lying beside them, and they all squat on their faces asleep. This is in the forenoon, at night they either work in their own way . . . or else they sit chattering or gambling . . . till the bell rings and they jump up and run as hard as they can in a long string along the platform to the provision stores where they get their allowances and go to their tents." (16 Sept. 1841.)

Soon, however, the Wesleyans were less in favour. "I suspect there is something not very agreeable . . . in the Wesleyan reports this year, as Mr. Evans has not given us one although Hargrave asked for it, and last season they were poked at us by the quarter of a hundred. . . . There must be some reason as Evans admits that he has the reports. . . . They have got a college of Jesuits among the Blackfeet and the Company have given Dr. Blanchette the head £100 a year. . . . M. Blanchette is an excellent old man who appears to mind his own affairs, while the Episcopal missionaries here attend to other peoples. Mr. Smithurst, Red River, goes about re-christening Indians and children who have been baptised by Mr. Evans, while the Wesleyans revile the Roman Catholic clergy of the Settlement, and there are no missionaries left in it but old Mr. Cochrane, all the others having retired to combat each other among the Indians. Mr. Evans says his instructions are to go only where there is no minister of another sect, but the others hate him with all their hearts. He has been busy making a tin canoe all the time he has been here. It looks very stylish but I don't know how it will paddle." (8 Sept. 1842.)

In another year Mr. Evans had completely fallen from favour, and apparently members of the Company were intriguing to get him removed. "When I first saw him I could not conceive how everyone praised him and said he was a gentleman and a man of independent fortune, besides so perfect as a missionary that he was encouraged to forget what he really was. Now all hands have turned on him. He got a very sharp letter from Sir George and has been informed that he must live at the Indian village and leave the Fort [Norway House]. What he has done I can't say but I think the whole affair has been caused by Mrs. Evans and her daughter's successful rivalry over Mrs. [Donald] Ross and her children. For they were the derision of the whole passers-by for their finery and exhibition of good education and knowledge of astronomy, as Mrs. E. used to say, whereas Mrs. Ross and Jane did not know the names of the commonest stars! The Rosses have been quite intimate with them, and have repeated every word and action to Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson. Indeed Mr. Gladman boasts that while he was in charge of Norway House he took notes of a private conversation he had with Mr. Evans, signed, and sent them to the Governor, and he thinks this was very spirited and correct. I suppose Mr. Evans will leave the country soon." (9 Sept. 1843.)

In this tense and unnatural atmosphere such intrigues were common enough, and worse things too. Many of Letitia's letters report the murder of the Company's men by Indians or half-breeds, often their own men; and her first winter in the country saw the tragic and mysterious death of Thomas Simpson, cousin of the Governor, just after his triumphant return from his Arctic exploration.

"When the packet arrived from Red River it threw us all into horror and consternation by the intelligence of poor Tom Simpson's fate. No one that I have heard speak except Hargrave believes the deposition of the



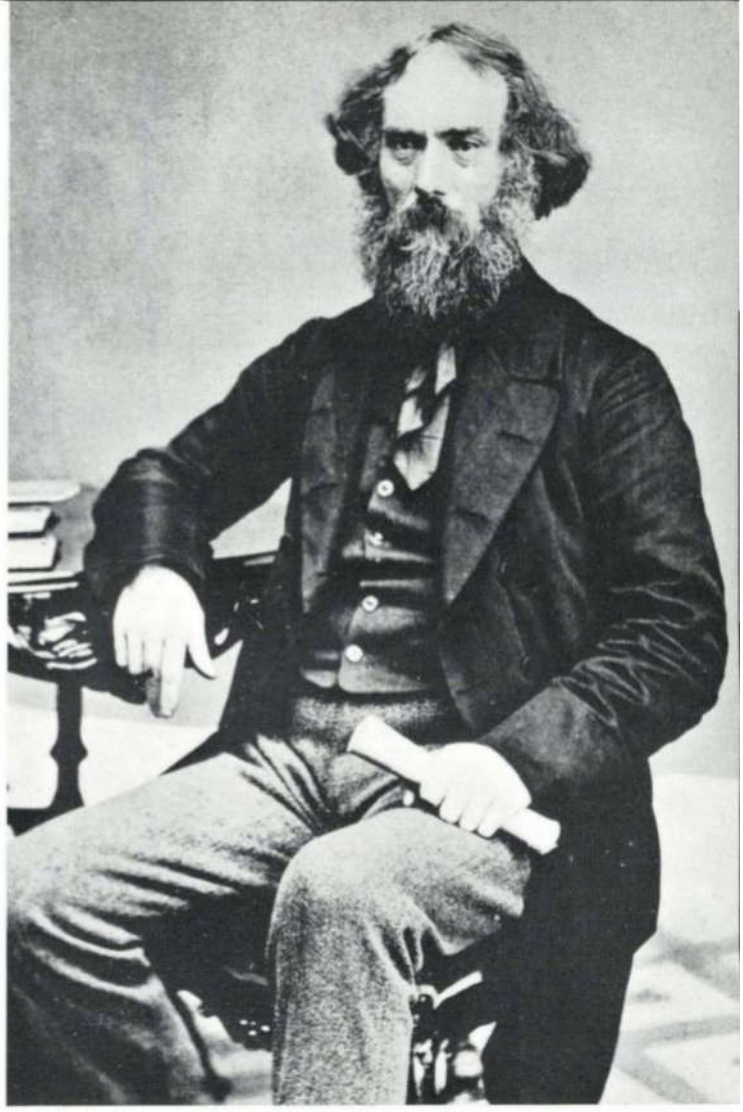
Joseph James Hargrave, Letitia's son.

witnesses that he deliberately shot two men at once and when the other two of the party left him that he passed the night walking up and down before the bodies and on their return shot himself. Mr. [Duncan] Finlayson writes that he concludes he was insane, and expresses no doubt, but others say there must have been a quarrel particularly as there was an old grudge between the Red River half-breeds and him. I daresay his head was a little turned as he evidently imagined from his letters that he had done what no one had performed before and expected great applause and notice in London where he expected to be on the 1st August, and evidently went by the States to get before Dease, who sailed from this in September by the ship.

"From the whole story I cannot believe that he killed himself although he most likely destroyed the other two, as he said to the survivors that they had nothing to fear as he shot Legros and Bird because they meant to kill him. They likewise say that they saw no symptoms of insanity but I daresay you have seen the whole affair as the Yankee papers got possession of it immediately. He had just got his commission as Trader and has left two children at Red River. Everyone seemed to like him and poor Mrs. Finlayson has suffered dreadfully as he was her first cousin and they were all much attached to and very proud of him. . . . It must have been fearful for her as one of the victims was the son of old Mr. Bird a gentleman at Red River, the other being a well-known Canadian whose son was of the party, who being a half-breed would think it quite right to shoot one who killed his father. William knew them all." (20 Feb. 1841.)

Later she wrote: "Mr. Cochrane of Red River . . . objected to giving Tom Simpson Christian burial. His body and those of his victims were disinterred and brought to the Settlement. The others were entire but poor Tom was not but I never liked to ask any questions but Mr. Manson told me that his limbs were not there and he inferred that he had not had fair play, and that the story of the survivors was not true, but I daresay wolves may have reached him. When I thought of the letter, so kind and full of glee, that we found here on our arrival, I could not persuade myself that he had killed himself, and Mr. Gladman and Manson both think that he had killed the others in self-defence and been shot by one of the survivors who being half-breeds would do it spontaneously on seeing their father shot by him whether on provocation or not. At any rate his friends believe or say nothing to the contrary so that no other one has any business. William and Hargrave both knew every one of the parties. The survivors are about William's age and he doubts their veracity. No more will ever be known as the half-breeds even in dying don't find any relief in confessing." (9 Sept., 1841.)

"When Thomas Simpson died he had just got a commission which was afterwards given his younger brother Alexander who had rushed home from the Sandwich Isles on hearing of Tom's death. I think he must be a little touched as he has either retired from the service or thrown up his commission. I can't ascertain which. If the former he will have a half share for 7 years, or a sum of money from the Directors, according to what they expect the 7 years share to be. If he has thrown it up he gets nothing. . . . They are an ill-fated family as the eldest killed himself in Scotland, Tom here, and a step-brother died on the Columbia—I believe he was drowned, poor man. So that of the 3 who were expected to get on so well in the service



Letitia's brother, Chief Factor William Mactavish, who served the Company from 1833 to 1870. He was made Governor of Assiniboia in 1858, and later of Rupert's Land. In the latter capacity he was in charge of Fort Garry when it was captured by Riel and was made prisoner.

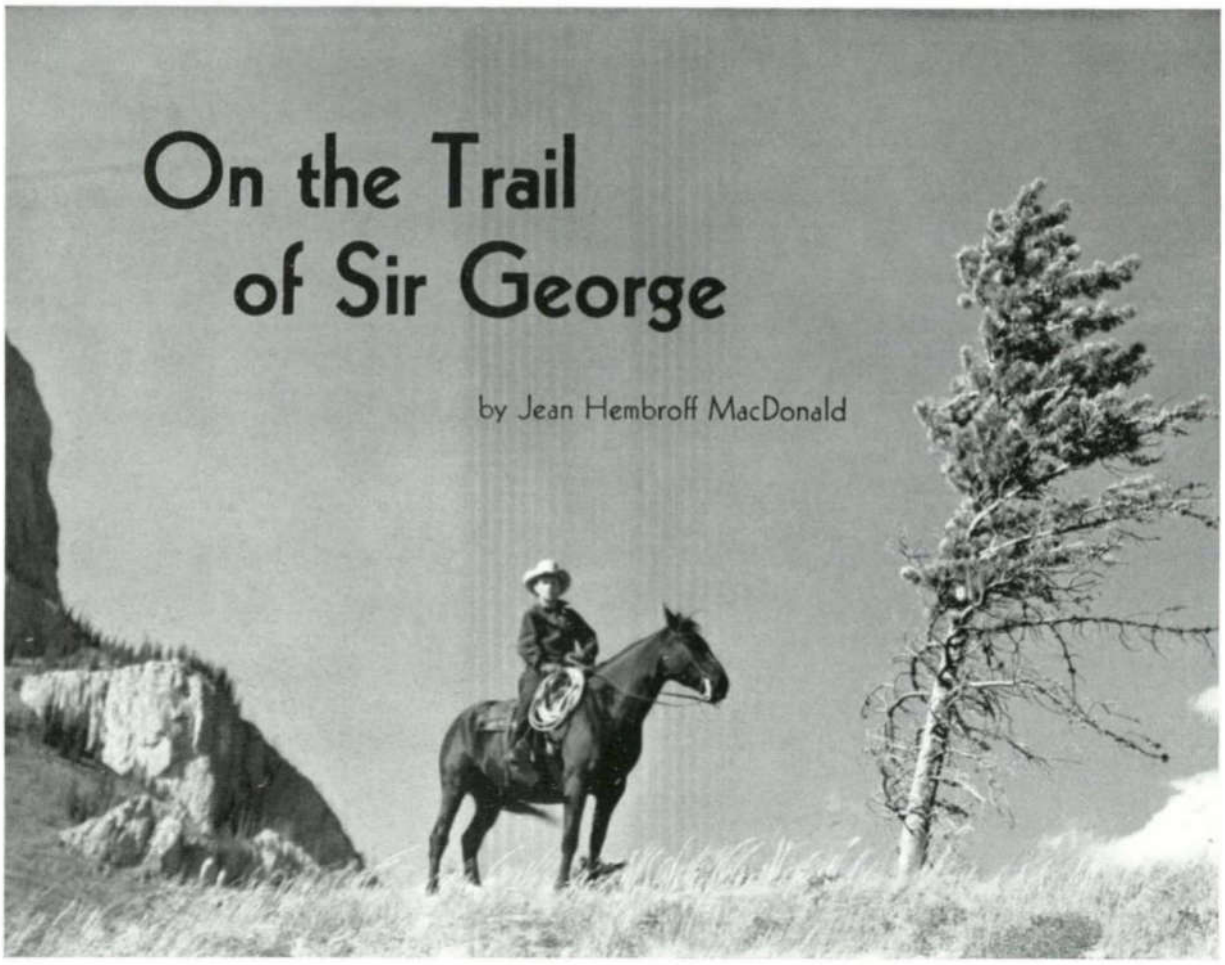
no one has succeeded and I really think poor Alexander must be deranged, from the way he has gone on since his brother's death." (Sept. (no date) 1842.)

A more cheerful episode was the visit of little Bobby (R. M.) Ballantyne. "He brought me a letter of introduction from Lady Simpson who calls him her cousin. He is barely 15 and a very clever boy. The Governor ordered that he should have a winter here but Hargrave thought the Simpsons would like his being with Mrs. Finlayson so he sent him on to Red River with old Mr. Charles. Mrs. F. will be the better of him as he is smart and very gentlemanlike and diverting, straight from the Stockbridge Academy." Young Ballantyne was to profit by his experience by writing those books which have been the delight of generations of boys and girls.

A great grief to Letitia was the loss of her second child, which only lived three weeks. She almost broke her heart over it. Several other children followed, all of whom were sent to Scotland to be educated. One daughter married Sir Alexander Ogston, the famous surgeon. Their eldest daughter was the wife of Sir Herbert Grierson, by whose courtesy these letters are here published.

On the Trail of Sir George

by Jean Hembroff MacDonald



Devil's Gap. Lloyd Harmon

OF all the adventure stories of my childhood days, few held a greater fascination for me than an old two-volume work entitled *An Overland Journey Round the World*, by Sir George Simpson. I used to smuggle it up to my room at night and spend long hours travelling vicariously through the wilds with the "Little Emperor" and his band of adventurers. Some day, I hoped, I'd follow his trail across Canada. But it was only a hope—until two summers ago, when that old dream of mine came partly true.

I discovered that a group of outdoor enthusiasts called the "Trail Riders" were planning a five-day ride in Banff National Park and the Alberta Forest Reserve which would follow in part the historic and still virgin route taken by Sir George through the mountains. A hasty rereading of his book convinced me that the dream still held its fascination for me. So, after making arrangements to stop off at a ranch near Calgary for some much needed hardening-up, I packed a duffel bag with some suitable (and some unsuitable) clothes and entrained for the west.

For the benefit of those who may not recall Sir George Simpson's book, here is a brief summary of his historic ride across Canada, particularly that portion dealing with the Rocky Mountains.

Two months after Sir George Simpson was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1841, he left London on his celebrated journey around the world, of which his book is the record.

He left Hudson's Bay House, Lachine, with two young peers who came with him to the plains to hunt buffalo. They proceeded up the Ottawa route in two express canoes, thence along the north shore of the Great Lakes to Rat Portage (Kenora), Fort Alexander, and Fort Garry (Winnipeg). Leaving his guests here, he rode across the plains just north of the Assiniboine River, under the guidance of Mr. Rowand, then in charge of the Saskatchewan District. They left Fort Garry with a party of about twenty riders, the baggage being carried in light carts as far as Edmonton.

From Edmonton Governor Simpson and his party travelled south by horseback, making some sixty miles the first day. On this portion of the trip he was guided by a half-breed named Peechee who had been brought up among the Indians and was a chief of the Mountain Crees. Simpson's party hit the Ghost River after crossing the Red Deer River coming south from Edmonton. Here I quote from his book. (Remember, he is now close to Banff.) The explanations in parentheses are mine.

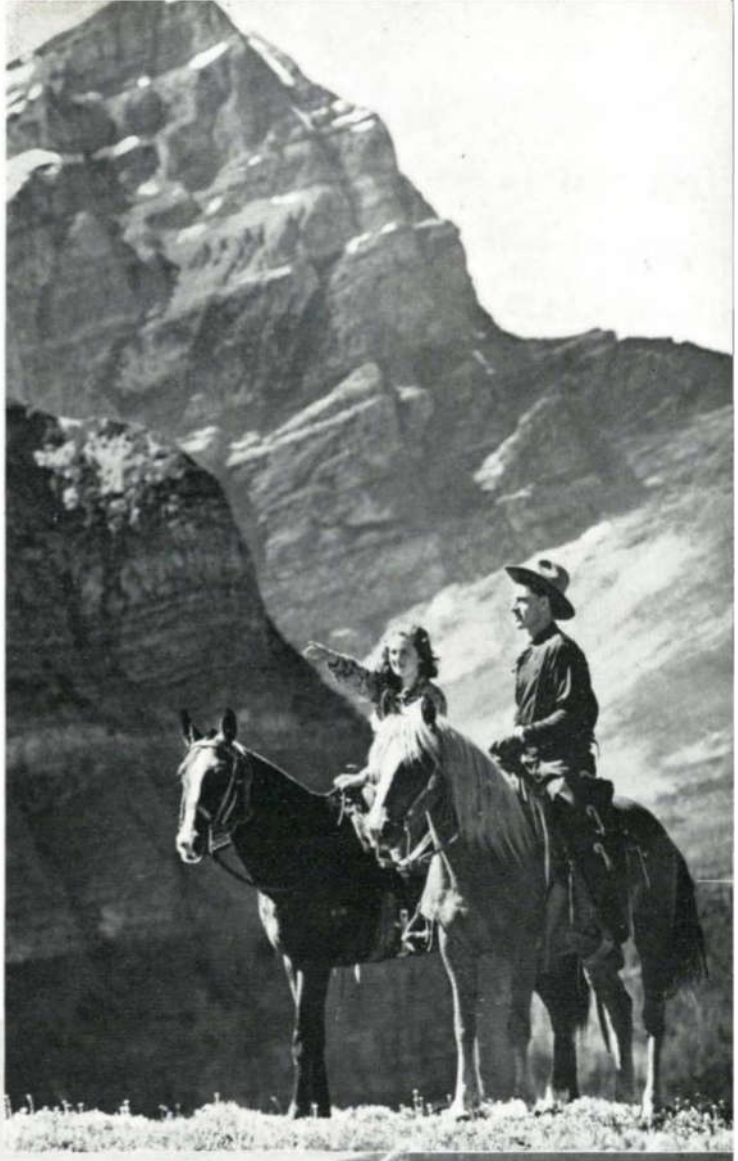
"As far as the eye could reach, mountain rose upon mountain, while at our feet lay a valley surrounded by an amphitheatre of cold, bare, rugged peaks. In these crags, which almost were perpendicular, neither could tree plant its root nor goat find a resting-place: the 'Demon of the Mountains' alone could fix his dwelling there. On the strong bosom of the valley in question, we pitched our tents for the night. Here we found

one of the sources, in spring a torrent, but now almost dry, of the river La Biche [Red Deer]; here we bid adieu to that stream, which, during the past three days, we had crossed at least forty times. One of the overhanging peaks, from its bearing a rude resemblance to an upturned face, is called the Devil's Nose. [Now, Devil's Head Mountain—translation of the Cree Indian name *We-ti-kwas-ti-kwan*.]

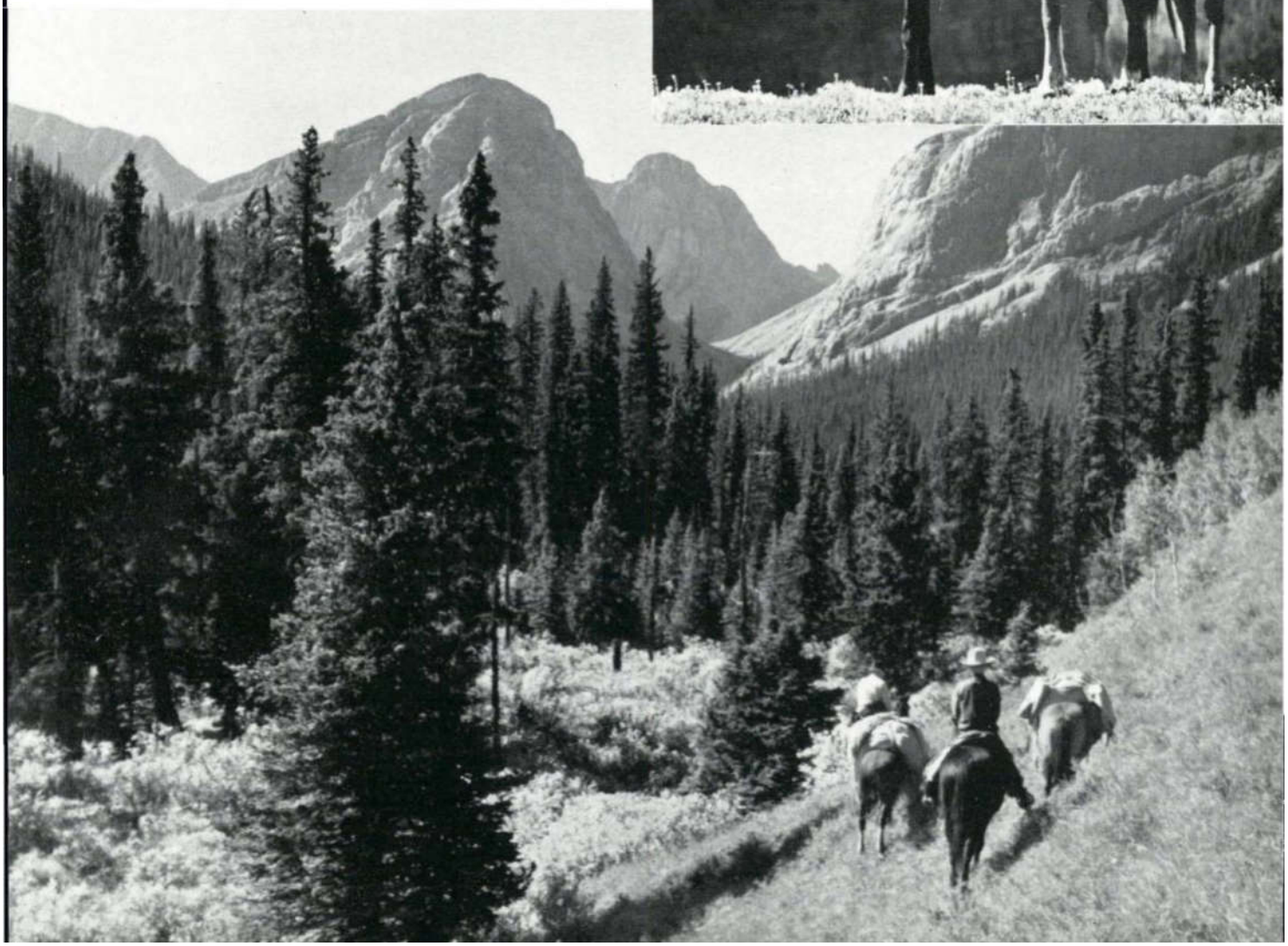
"The path which we had been following was a track of the Assiniboines, carried, for the sake of concealment, through the thickest forests. These Indians and Peechee were the only persons that had ever pursued this route; and we were the first whites that had attempted this pass of the mountains.

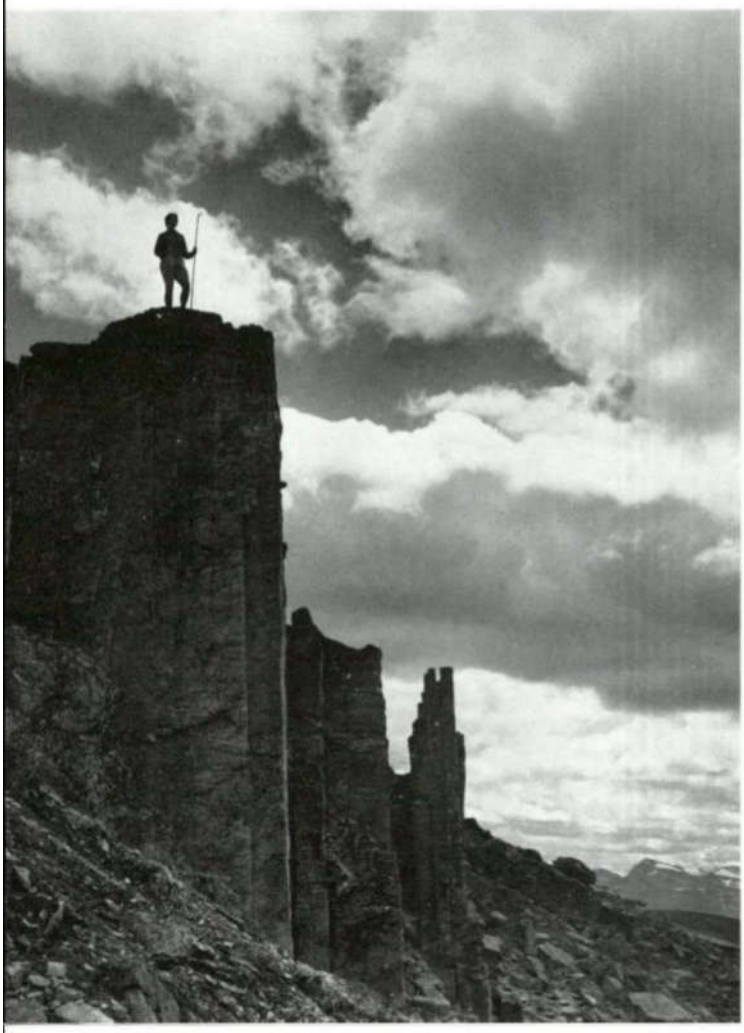
"In the morning we entered a defile between mountainous ridges, marching for nine hours through dense woods. This valley, which was from two to three miles in width, containing four beautiful lakes, communicating with each other by small streams; and the fourth of the series [Lake Minnewanka], which was about fifteen miles by three, we named after Peechee, as being our guide's usual home. At this place he had expected to find his family; but Madame Peechee and the children had left their encampment, probably on account of a scarcity of game. What an idea of the loneliness and precariousness of savage life does this single glimpse of the biography of the Peechees suggest!

"Having marched for nine hours over broken rocks and through thick forests, we found, on halting for breakfast, that six of our horses, three of them with



Up on the hilltop winds the trail and (below) down through Ghost River Valley. C.P.R. and Lloyd Harmon





Skyline Sentinel. C.P.R.

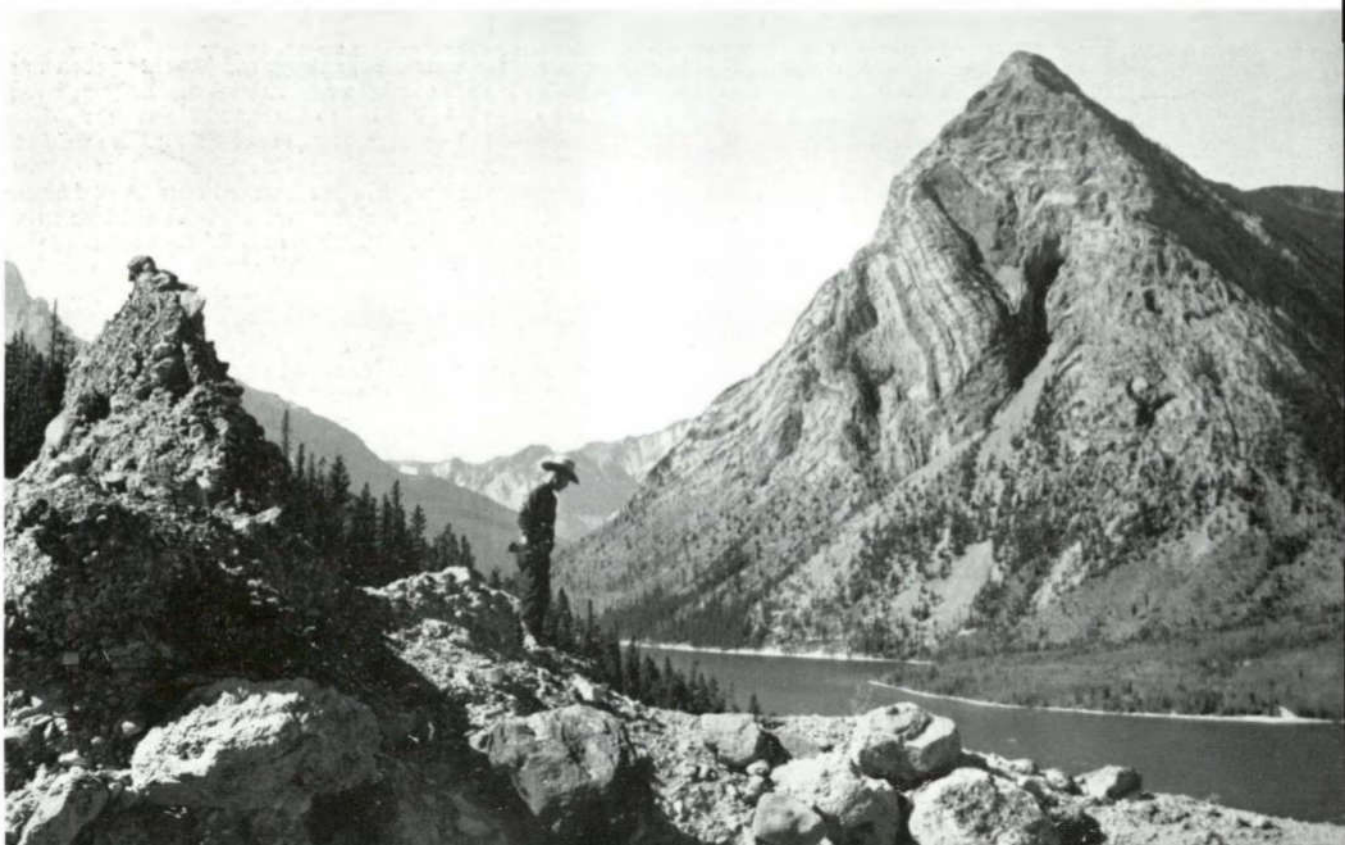
packs, were missing; and we instantly dispatched all our men but two in quest of them, determining, at the same time, to remain for the rest of the day, in order to await their return. The beauty of the scenery formed some compensation for the loss of time. Our tents were pitched in a level meadow of about five hundred acres in extent, enclosed by mountains on three sides and by Peechee's Lake [Lake Minnewanka. Sir George gave Peechee's name to this lake, but map makers eventually gave the name to the mountain near by] on the fourth. From the very edge of the water there rose a gentle ascent of six or eight hundred feet, covered with pines and composed almost entirely of the accumulated fragments of the adamantine heights above; and on the upper border of this slope, there stood perpendicular walls of granite, of three or four thousand feet high, while among the dizzy altitudes of their battlemented summits the goats and the sheep bounded in playful security."

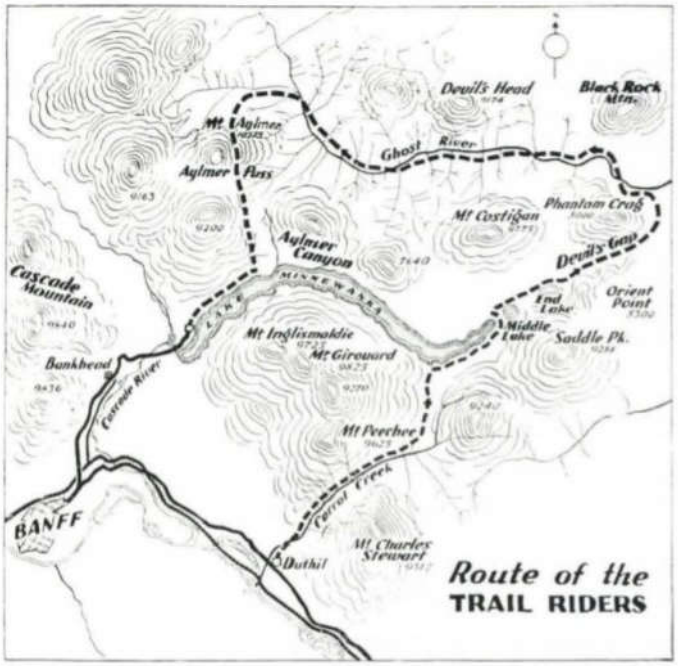
Simpson spent eleven hours a day in the saddle for six weeks and five days. I didn't plan on anything as energetic as that, but after the hardening-up at the ranch I felt ready for some strenuous riding.

My few days' association with horses had prepared me for the sights and sounds of horses *en masse* which greeted me at Carrot River, and for the sight of bow-legged wranglers in ten-gallon hats bringing order out of chaos. Sir George Simpson had a band of forty-five horses in his group. We, curiously enough, had forty-five riders, plus pack horses with our food, bed-rolls and teepees. The noise and bustle of this horse camp can well be imagined.

Like Sir George's group, riding breeches and riding boots were decidedly in the minority. The wranglers wore overalls mostly, while the riders had costumes as varied as the labels on canned goods in a grocery store. One feature which added colour, and a touch of historical continuity, to the scene was the presence of many Hudson's Bay blanket coats, for it becomes cold in "them thar mountains."

Looking down on Minnewanka. Lloyd Harmon





Shortly after the meeting and general allotment of horses which were supplied by a capable outfitter, we began the first day's ride along Carrot River, through a deep canyon and down a steep trail to the south shore of Lake Minnewanka (Lake Peechee). Three miles further on we camped on a spot which corresponded closely with Sir George's account just quoted. Time had altered very little of the features which he mentioned of this historic camp site.

I recalled how Sir George had written of the cold mountain water, particularly at the Bow River Traverse: "We enjoyed the coolness of the river. The water, like that of the Alps, was known to give goitres, to such as might habitually and permanently use it." Any goitrous protuberances which developed in our case were not in the throat, but lower down, due to the excellent food from the camp cook who came with us.

A sing-song by campfire sent us to bed in our sleeping bags, where snug as marmots in their holes we were lulled to sleep by the calls of the night riders, and the tinkle of pack-horse bells. The call of "Come and get it" brought us out of our teepees to a new day, and another step along Sir George's trail.

Our long cavalcade of riders filed like a multi-coloured caterpillar along the trail indicated by Simpson as being an old trail of the Stoney Indians, and the valley through which it passed, although denuded by fire of much of the dense woods which he mentions in Devil's Gap, still suggested the savage fights which had taken place there.

From time to time on those first two days we were in foothill country, and at one time could actually see the prairies. Just beyond Phantom Crag, however, we rode on the gravel beds of Ghost River, crossing and recrossing this amazing river and catching the odd glimpse of Devil's Head.

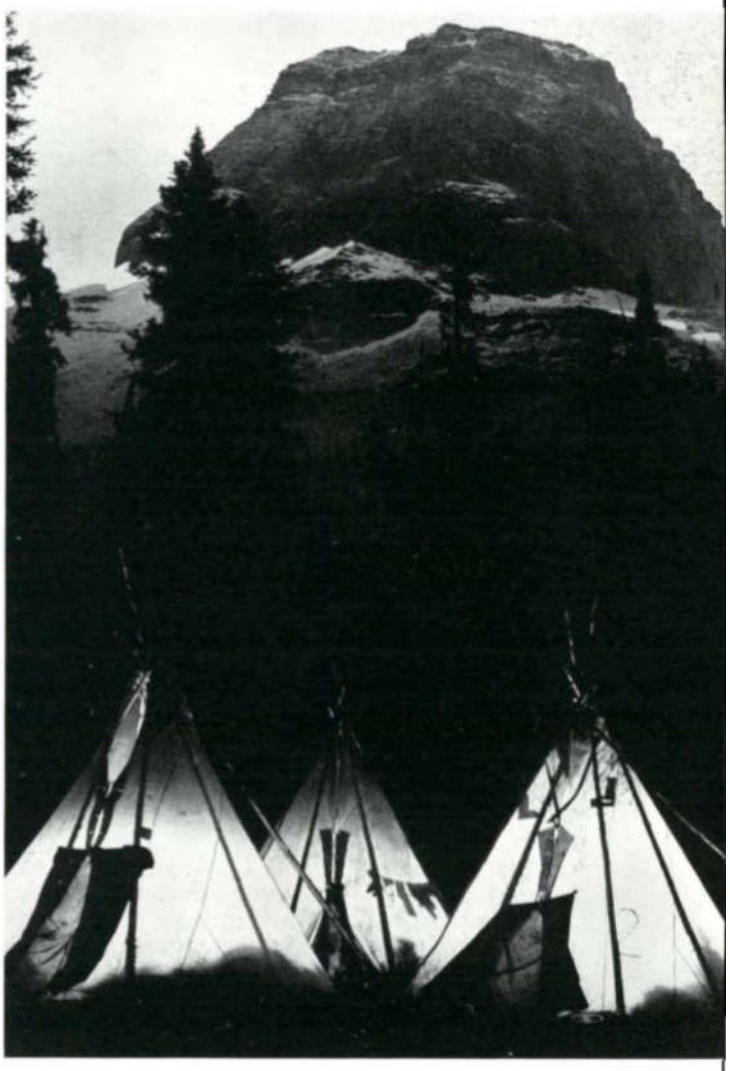
Our third day was one of rest, with many of our party out fishing and taking pictures. The fourth day we were astride our mountain-climbing cayuses again, and hit the high timber on a trail alongside a branch of the Ghost River. The statisticians in the group took a great delight in pointing out that we were at an altitude of eight thousand feet. Fortunately, we were in a spot comparatively sheltered from the high winds which sweep over Aylmer Pass. From time to time one would sight some mountain sheep or goats walking the thin edge of nothing above our camp.

The fifth and last day brought us additional thrills as we passed close to several groups of these sheep. It seemed as though Mother Nature was putting on her best show for us that day, for in addition to the sheep we were surrounded on all sides by the richest and most colourful beds of wild flowers, each trying to outdo the other—Indian paint brush, fire weed, gorse, and forget-me-not.

Our cayuses somehow knew that we and they were on the home stretch, for as we descended the three thousand feet down the timbered trail back to Lake Minnewanka they all put on a burst of speed. Despite head winds, these ships of the mountain trails brought us in record time to the shores of the lake, where we had our final camp and pow-wow.

There are some two thousand miles of trail cut and constructed in our great National Parks by our governments, making it possible for us all to enjoy the mountains. To me, at least, no trail is more fascinating than the one which was blazed by Sir George Simpson, resident Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. I have tightened the cord around my dunnage bag of memories of a dream come true, following the trail of the "Little Emperor."

Camping in the shadow of the peaks. C.P.R.



Peace River Pagans

by Axel Nielsen

THE dictionary defines a pagan as, idolatrous, or irreligious. But that is a very incomplete definition, as I discovered among the pagan Indians of the Peace River country. Paganism has disappeared from most of the trading country, and alongside the red-roofed, white-washed buildings of the Hudson's Bay Company one hasn't far to look to find the church spire.

But the pagans still carry on between the Peace River and the Wabasca-Whitefish posts of the Company. The pagan Indians of to-day have their Evil Spirits and their Witigos, or cannibals. The latter are presumed to exist even among Christianized Indians, often taking the form of a huge white man with a red beard, green eyes, and a most astonishing appetite for Indian flesh. Most traders will recall periodic Witigo scares, usually started by the womenfolk. The first manifestation of a Witigo is often a strange, phosphorescent glow above the tree tops just before dark, serving as a sort of warning. Next day, the Witigo is sure to make his appearance, and sometimes it is said that he has already eaten up a number of luckless relatives, until these turn up again, quite unhurt, and unaware of having spent a fortnight inside the Witigo's spacious belly.

The Indian's belief in a soul has always been stronger than our own. A tree or a blade of grass has a soul; sickness is a bad spirit which conjurors in the Peace River country still seek to dispel by various charms. In fact, countless cures have been effected by a sort of psychological therapy, wherever the disease has a mental root. Thus, the Indian conjuror, down through the ages, was undoubtedly the first psychiatrist.

Once I had my fortune told by a conjuror. His price was a plug of tobacco, payment in advance in case bad news was in store for me. The conjuror then repaired to his cylindrical hut, made of skins, bits of canvas and bark slabs, all woven together after a fashion with willow roots. He started to intone a monotonous formula, and soon the auditors whispered:

"Hear! Mitchy-Manitou has arrived!" I could hear a commotion inside the cubicle, and two distinct voices, one the conjuror's, the other purporting to be that of the Devil.

"Why doesn't he do business with the Great Spirit?" I asked.

"The Devil is master of *this* world," was the answer, and here again I noticed a borrowed principle. The cubicle sagged with the commotion inside. Bells clanged, ducks quacked, dogs barked and ravens croaked. The Devil roared and snarled, until finally he began to talk in a strange language, very loud and gruff. Bit by bit the commotion subsided, and the conjuror, evidently the victor by now, started to put the questions to the Devil, who made his unwilling answers in a hopelessly unintelligible jargon. Then the Devil was released, I was told, and his going was celebrated with all the noise imaginable. Out came the conjuror, looking dishevelled, perspiring freely, and quite out of breath. There was a long silence before he spoke.

"Very soon you leave Buffalo Head Hills. New *okemow* come take your place." I grinned and gave him another plug of tobacco, thinking no more of the performance, until three days later when my relief arrived from Edmonton. Was it moccasin telegraphy? Or maybe there's something to fortune telling, as even the Bible admits.

In the fall of the year, before setting forth to their winter camps, the Peace River pagans held a harvest festival as I called it. An old half-breed told me that there was a little of everything in it: Sun Dance, Festival of the Dead, and All Souls' Day included. The festival lasted three days, and the first act of the drama was for each Indian to pull down his family teepee out of which a covering was fashioned for the framework of a tribal lodge.

The lodge was twenty feet wide by nearly sixty feet long, and inside they built three sacrificial fires, which were lit as darkness fell. Then the menfolk filed in, beating their tomtoms the while, and acting up with the sort of abandon characteristic of adolescent jitterbugs. Boys above suckling age were also admitted, and soon the lodge held the entire male population of five years and over. The women were obliged to wait outside, rain as it might, because to the male only belonged the first fruits of worship. It was the business of the females to howl and wail for the departed dead, and this they did with a vengeance.

Speech making was first on the agenda, very flowery, and so abstract that I took to wondering if I knew any Cree at all. The conjuror spoke at great length, with occasional responses from the assembled bucks. All the old men had something to say, and most of the time I kept yawning. At each of the three fires, younger men were making burnt offerings consisting of meat, pemmican, marrow fat and other delicacies in very minute quantities.

Finally, they passed a long-stemmed clay pipe around, whilst the young bucks pounded tomtoms and ki-yied with deafening effect. At least, the party was getting hot. When the pipe came to me, I put it out. This was supposed to be unlucky, especially since I had done it unintentionally. It was my personal bad luck, not theirs, and when next they passed the pipe around, I was short-circuited. I don't know what snuffing their pipe out had to do with it, but I never went through a more bruising winter than the one following the fatal ceremony. I got lost seven times, froze my foot and my fingers, killed two horses in a blizzard where the snow stood above their ears, and four dogs froze to death in harness—to say nothing of buying muskrats at five dollars, fording wild spring freshets to get them in the hills, travelling night and day to beat the other fellow to it, only to sell the skins for a dollar apiece.

Meanwhile, I was getting hungry, and to my relief the din of tomtoms ceased. There was a momentary silence, when suddenly the female entourage without our lodge began singing in a peculiar nasal strain, but rather pleasant to the ear, and certainly not without meaning. I knew little about music, the gramophone being the limit of my accomplishments: I couldn't read a note, much less copy down music. But here was a new and splendid symphony: The Song of the Women, coming down through the centuries, a song of toil, of hopes, unanswered questions and savage sorrow. Different strains were carried by varying groups, always with a predominating note, or theme, which altered continually, the whole symphony blending and weaving itself in a pure background of changing moods.

The buck Indians sat like graven images: they, too, enjoyed the Song of the Women. Perhaps they even understood it instinctively, though certainly its origin was lost even among themselves. The song ended.

I had been told to appear in a fasting condition, and, being then but nineteen years of age, I had gravely gone without lunch and supper. I'd been catching a whiff of something on the boil, and now the females trooped into our lodge with food. First came steaming spare rib of moose, deer or caribou, with side dishes of moose nose, deer tongue and leg of porcupine. I had a plate; the others ate out of birch-bark squares. The bannock and jam were my own contribution to the feast, but the menfolk scorned such trifles, which were meant for women and children only.

After about an hour of stuffing things beneath the belt, Wabasca Ostagwan, the conjuror, started a give-away dance, or potlatch. This night there was nothing extravagant about interchanges of presents. On other occasions, they were wont to trade horses, rifles, sleigh dogs, and a promise of marriage. But this was a good-luck festival in the main.

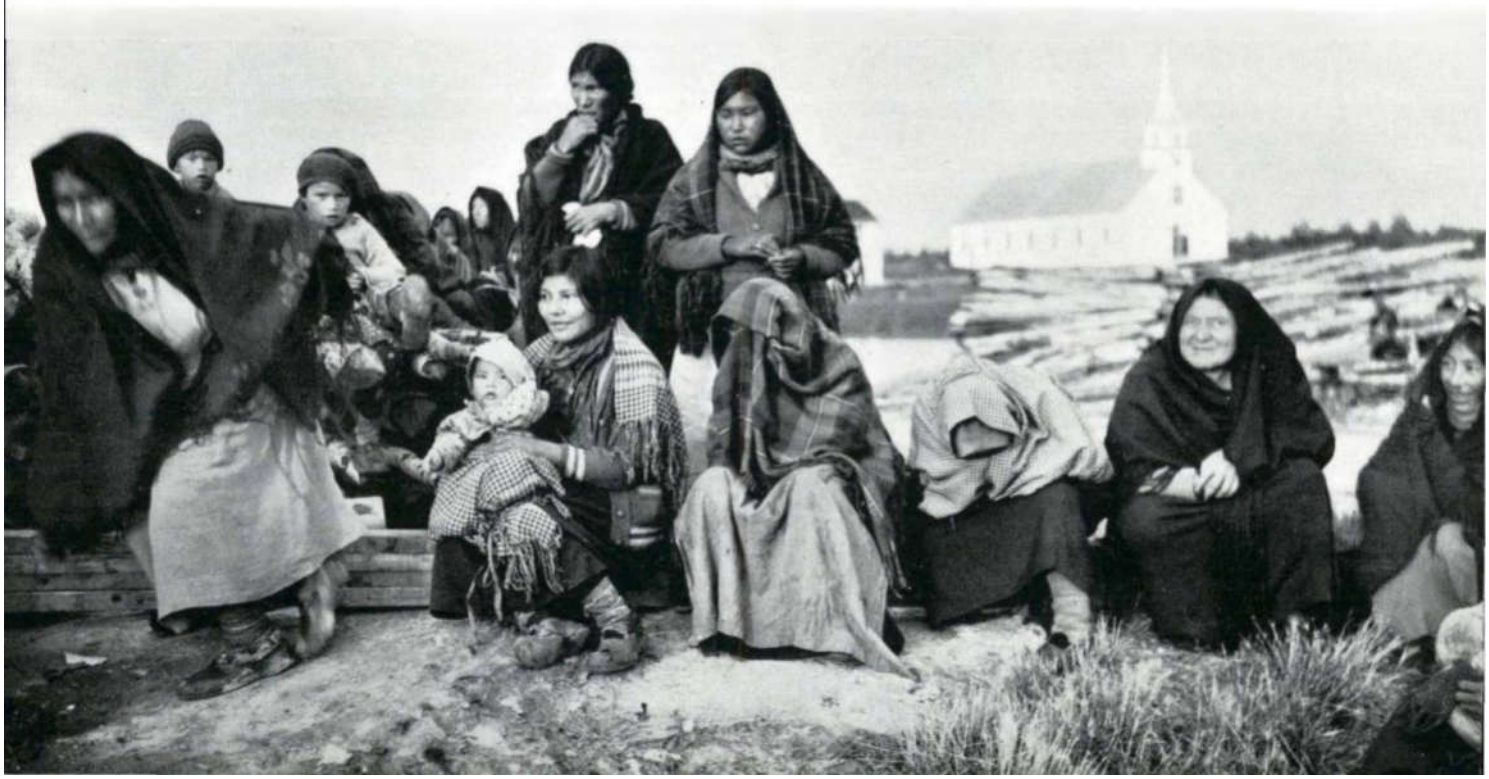
In the give-away dance you present some person, male or female, with a handkerchief, which he or she grabs. You then fall in line with the others, making the round of the lodge, weaving in and out among the sacrificial fires. The handkerchief itself may be the gift, but usually it is merely a connecting link between yourself and your partner, and the real gift is either promised by word or it is pointed out to the prospective recipient, if the gift happens to be within the lodge. Ordinarily, the recipient of the gift will try to out-do his donor, and so the potlatch may, on occasion, become as vicious as any gambling device.

The dance itself was very sedate and uninteresting—just a hopping around on the part of a male, while the female shuffled about, bending her knee in a jerky manner, sort of sidling along, setting layers of fat to undulating up and down. The tomtoms never let up. And, as in every circle the world over, there were the usual cut-ups, men who yelled and flung their limbs about. The longer the dance lasted, the more whimsical the gathering became, and even the females cracked a smile through the streams of perspiration that trickled down to their chins. The flickering fires threw strange shadows on the walls of the lodge.

Just before dawn, the females disappeared, and the speech making started all over again, with more burnt offerings and another go with the tomtoms. And then, as I was wondering if I couldn't sneak home without giving offense, the women trooped in with more food. The first course was ordinary pounded, jerked and dried moose meat. This was scorned by the majority, but I did the females honour by chewing on a bit which had got mixed up with sinew.

The second course came as a pleasant surprise, pounded moose meat of a finer grain, and served with marrow fat. But the pemmican was by far the tastiest of all. Ordinary trail pemmican is made of pounded meat and tallow, coarse eating, but very nourishing. This festival pemmican was different: more like a summer sausage of venison, of the texture of a blood pudding. It was made of pulverized, dried, jerked venison from the best cuts, mixed with marrow fat, seasoned with cranberries, and also with a little sugar—maple sugar, as I was told, made by the Indians themselves. The containers were prepared intestines of animals. This pemmican was very rich and highly nutritious, a surprise to my stomach, but very pleasing to the palate. Buckets of tea went with all this, the oldfashioned brand of tea, sold in bulk. Then came

Superstitious Indian women shun the camera's magic eye, much to the amusement of their blase friends. C. A. Keefer photo.



Framework of a tribal lodge, built for a drum dance.

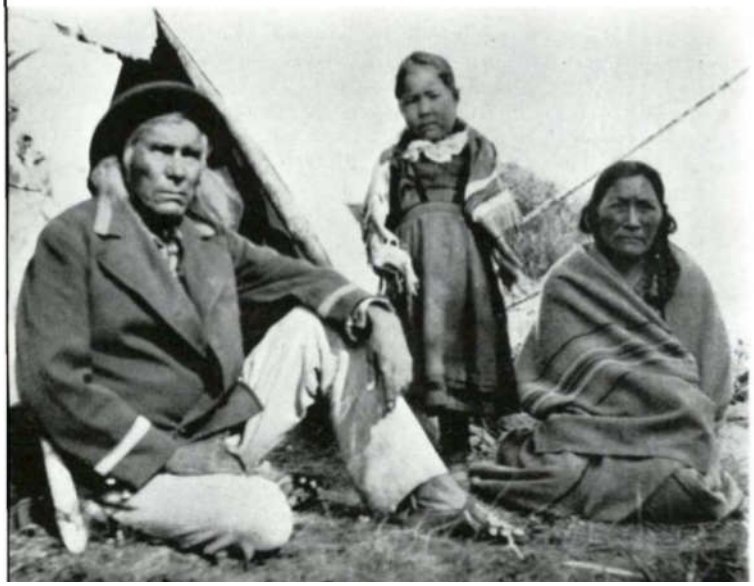
smoked duck, geese and other fowl, together with spit-roasted beaver . . . enough!

At sunrise I begged exemption, though the others kept it up for three days and nights. And thus the pagans prayed for good luck. But that didn't make them improvident. One family alone turned thirty moose into jerked meat, pounded meat and pemmican. And they stored up several bags of cranberries and blueberries. The pagans made their own leggings and jackets from tanned skins.

The females loved the tea dance. It couldn't have been the noise, nor the dance, for I never saw the females dance, though the bucks strutted about a bit. The tea dance was nothing more than an excuse for men and women to get the best of taboos: during a tea dance, one could talk to the other fellow's wife; the single men could put on their trinkets and serenade the marriageable maids of the camp. The females poured tea, boiled meat; and the bucks drummed their tom-toms in leisurely fashion, with a *hii-yii* and a *ki-yi, ki-yi!* The pagans had lots of fun: never a dull moment, no worries, plenty to eat; no inferiority complexes among this laughing, self-respecting tribe.

Along the trail junctures, I often came across carved posts, set in the ground, with a graven image of some god or spirit. Nobody could tell me the true significance of this trail-side shrine, except that it was good luck to leave some trifle at its base, and the worst kind of luck to steal from the collection of gifts. I was astonished to see perfectly good tobacco in the pile, together with axes, knives, snowshoes, leggings, carving tools and even a rifle or two, all piled up around the good-luck spirit.

An Indian chief and his family at Whitefish Lake post.



Doing business with these people was a pleasure. They never took a thing on credit unless they were sure that either they, or their relations, would surely pay up. At most posts, success or failure hangs on the trader's ability to keep debts to a minimum, and still retain the goodwill of his hunters. But my trouble with the pagans was different: they left the store with no more than twenty or thirty dollars worth of goods, at a time when a single beaver skin would settle the score. Not until I promised them five dollars for their muskrats did these Indians take advantage of credit terms.

That was a disastrous year. Traders everywhere, myself in particular, took the plunge. And the Indians plunged: they forgot that never before had they made an intensive hunt. Each of them had set his heart on something or other, from rifles to aeroplanes. They would pay off their debts with plenty to spare. During the scrip boom, some enterprising nobody had invaded the pagan country, classifying them as half-breeds, writing out scrip in return for whisky, wagons, hay mowers, binders and all sorts of queer devices, all of which I had seen rotting in the meadows, weeds taking root in the rotten spokes of the wheels. Well, this five dollar rat business was to be just another boom.

But there weren't enough muskrats and beaver to go around for a hunt so intensive as the one each Indian had planned for himself, and the result was a fearful smash-up. Still, though I had to close up the post for lack of furs, and because of transportation difficulties, several of the pagans journeyed to Fort Vermillion, over a period of seven years, painfully paying off their true debts, though they did not make their trade at Vermillion. Forgiveness of sins and debts is the faith of the pagans also; but they do demand both restitution and payment in full . . . honourable men!

BOOK REVIEWS

MINE INHERITANCE, by Frederick Niven. Collins, 1940.

SKILFUL craftsmanship and a large amount of painstaking research have gone into the making of this tale of the Red River Settlement. It is the story of the first men and women in what is now Winnipeg, the story of that discordant, dangerous decade before 1821 when the union of the fur trade companies brought a period of peace. Most of the characters step accurately enough out of the past as they appeared to young David Baxter, working as a "writer" for successive governors of the colony. Almost the only imaginary element is the thin thread of Baxter's romance with the free trader's gentle daughter who died on the day of the Seven Oaks disaster.

Mr. Niven gives us history with only a very mild infiltration of fiction. He has obviously read deeply in source material and prints a four and a half page bibliography at the end of the book. The result is a full view of Settlement tragedies, beginning with Lord Selkirk's outline to Miles Macdonnell in London and ending with the purchase by the Hudson's Bay Company. Throughout, the author has correlated men and events with fine precision; no easy task, whether undertaken by an historian or a novelist. Nearly all the characters were men who really lived and worked and fought; only a few were created by the author. Nearly all the situations actually occurred and are so recorded. The combination puts a heavily restraining hand on imagination, and the writing has suffered accordingly.

Particularly in the first part of the book, the author leaned overhard on books and journals about the settlement, so that it creeps into his style. Here is Miles Macdonnell saying pedantically that the Red used to be called the Summerberry river—if it ever was, the Summerberry being a tributary of the Saskatchewan. The meaning of *Metis* is explained several times, while less familiar Scottish words remain to baffle the Canadian reader. *Coteau* will be a strange animal to most people, used here to denote the haunt of the buffalo herd down Pembina way. *Coteau* alone means hillock, and this one was apparently the Coteau de Missouri. The entertainment value of quoting official documents at length is also questionable. Any character could have given the points in the course of an ordinary conversation.

On the whole, though, Mr. Niven recreates the stormy decade in good form. Particularly admirable is his technique in keeping the story moving while steadily maintaining David Baxter's viewpoint. If there is a tendency to stress the forces that converged upon the settlement rather than the lives of the settlers themselves, that is a point where history has outweighed fiction. The novelist who could keep a clear head through that tangle of men and events is rare, and this Mr. Niven has done.

When Thomas Douglas, fifth Earl of Selkirk, advanced his plan to rescue evicted crofters from the Highlands, he believed that the objection of the fur trade to settlement could be overcome. The Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company entered into the plan because they believed it gave them advantages in clipping the wings of their rivals, the Northwesters. Neither could have seen that the settlement would be subjected to one disaster after another, so that for difficult pioneering it was destined to write an unrivalled record. The very launching of the parties from their native land was obstructed. The advance unit, of which David Baxter was a member, reached Hudson Bay too late to go on to Red River. When they arrived at the Forks, nearly a year late, there was no food, though it had been arranged for with the Hudson's Bay Company three years earlier. So they went to Pembina for the buffalo hunt, and began a long series of retreats from Red River, punctuated by the pemmican embargo, constant clashes between the rival companies, internal disagreements among the settlers and within the Hudson's Bay Company, a confusion of government and of laws, of arrests, imprisonments, and murders, the violence of the Seven Oaks massacre, and the tragic death of Lord Selkirk, a martyr to his own cause. It is all a large and solemn landmark in Canada's story, the cloth for countless tales.

David Baxter's hero is Miles Macdonnell, a logical choice, for young Baxter would not know that he turned out to be something of a mercenary. He was not very discerning, either, in his estimate of John Bourke, the laggard who hauled up the "field piece" too late to prevent the Seven Oaks affair. Bourke is put down in Hudson's Bay records as an inefficient clerk and trader with a quarrelsome, irritable temper. He was disliked by both men and Indians; in short, the kind of man who *would* be late with the cannon. But Baxter had an appreciation for the few lighter moments at the Settlement, for Mr. Sinclair the fiddler, for the river songs, and for the presence of Colin Robertson, least dour of all the fur traders. He left, too, a warmly painted portrait of Lord Selkirk, whom he had met at Fort William, at Red River, and finally in the law courts of Lower Canada. It is good to read again the story of Peguis, and of Lagimoniere's superb feat of travel.

The turning of the first sod is a fascinating subject in any country, and it was never attended by more dramatic happenings than here at Red River. The Pilgrim Fathers had their troubles, but within a year of their landing in Massachusetts they were able to keep a Harvest Home festival going for a week. Down in Ontario the United Empire Loyalists held merry "bees" as they raised their houses and barns, and in a few years they were exporting grain for profit. The Red River Settlement was founded in famine and blood and tears in this harsh prologue that all but blinded the eyes of the colonist to the beauties of abundant sunshine and vast horizons. In the compression of events it almost succeeded in blinding this author to the things that still hold us westerners: the flight and the songs of birds, the great sweep of sky and prairie, the bracing air, the golden glory of autumn, and the quick miracle of spring. *Mine Inheritance* has been chosen by the Book Society of Great Britain as a book of the month.—*Alice MacKay.*

LURE OF THE NORTH, by Richard Finnie. David McKay Company, Philadelphia. 227 pages.

RICHARD Finnie is known to *Beaver* readers as a writer and photographer, and to a much wider audience as a lecturer on northern subjects. He comes by it honestly, since he was born in Dawson, Y.T.; his father was for years director of the Northwest Territories and the Yukon, and he himself has made eight trips to the Arctic. During these trips he took voluminous notes and photographs, and this book is one of the results.

Throughout, one gets the feeling that here is the real stuff. There is such an air of genuineness about it that not once is the sceptical reader tempted to reach for the salt. The photos, too, add to the authenticity of the tale, since they fit in perfectly with the text.

In the main, the book is concerned with Finnie's year in the Western Arctic in 1930-1. From Herschel Island near the Alaskan border he took the H B C S.S. *Baychimo* to Cambridge Bay, then the *MacPherson* to King William Land post. There he joined Major Burwash, who had flown in on the G-CASK, abandoned by the MacAlpine party the previous fall. With Walter Gilbert as pilot and Stanley Knight as mechanic, they made the first flight over the Magnetic Pole, then returned to King William Island to look for Franklin remains.

Back at Cambridge Bay, Finnie joined Post Manager Learmonth on a successful hunt for a wrecked ship, the *Ptarmigan*. Then he headed for his winter quarters at Coppermine, where he took up residence in the hospital.

The ensuing winter was full of events—a search for three Eskimos lost for days in a storm; a sled trip with the doctor, a young Scot named Russell Martin; a weird performance by an Eskimo medicine man; a Christmas celebration, including a broadcast to the far south; and the search for the Rev. J. A. Webster, lost for five days in 30-40° below zero weather. At last the doctor, tired of getting no response to his repeated requests for a sun lamp to treat his tuberculous patients, suddenly hopped off for civilization by 'plane, leaving Finnie to dispense medical aid to the natives.

Old Arctic friends constantly appear and reappear throughout the book—Chief Trader William Gibson helping an Eskimo to choose a site for his wooden house; Corporal (now Inspector) Belcher of the R.C.M.P., having "a little shipwreck"; the Klengenbergs; William Seymour; and many another northern character of whose exploits tales will be told in days to come.

One of the most interesting parts of the book is a discussion of the social problems of the Eskimos. When Diamond Jenness, who writes the introduction, visited the Coronation Gulf region in 1914, the natives there were almost untouched by civilization. In the quarter-century that has followed, they have had to make "a stupendous 10,000-year leap from an age of stone and hammered copper to one of high powered rifles, aeroplanes and wireless." Naturally the effect on the Eskimos has been terrific, and by no means always to their advantage. Little, however, can now be done about it, "for civilization is something they can get along very well without, *only before it has reached them*." These tremendous changes, says Dr. Jenness, the book faithfully photographs.

As a piece of book production, *Lure of the North* is a first class job, and an ornament to any bookshelf. —*C. W.*

YOUR FOOD AND HEALTH IN THE NORTH, by Dr. Frederick F. Tisdall and Associates, printed by the Hudson's Bay Company for its staff in the North. Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, Man. 44 pages.

A CAN of beans and a chunk of blubber won't do as Arctic meals any more. The Hudson's Bay Company emphasizes this in an entertaining book which is just off the press. It carries with it the stamp of authority, for Dr. Tisdall is chairman of the Committee on Nutrition of the Canadian Medical Association. His little book, with its droll sketches, is probably one of the most unusual food books ever published. Certainly no other book on eating for health ever had its beginnings in an 18,000-mile trip through the Canadian Arctic. That's the way, however, that Dr. Tisdall and his associates undertook their study of food health habits in the North at the request of the Hudson's Bay Company.

They rounded out their personal investigation of post health and habits by a careful study of the supplies sent to each post and the food records which were sent out to them by the men and women at the posts. From their research, Dr. Tisdall and those working with him have decided that the posts need a great deal of instruction in diet if the Company's staff and dependents are to enjoy prolonged good health. Thus the author summarizes the situation in the foreword of this book, which will probably become a Canadian food classic.

Common sense in diet is presented throughout the book with a flair that suggests that caviar is to follow, but then there is another page in which some solid fact is driven home with a clever sketch. Milk is stressed as the most nearly perfect food. In the pages given to the discussion of it there is a sketch of a very coy cow receiving an award for her services to mankind. Milk is not used enough in the North, and the Tisdall book points out that evaporated and powdered milk are just as nutritious as fresh milk delivered in the cities, and in certain respects they are slightly superior.

Shades of those adventurers of long ago who died of scurvy must hover about the pages devoted to the discussion of Vitamin C as a preventive of that terrible disease. Here too canned fruits and vegetables, particularly canned tomatoes, top the list of foods rich in these essential qualities.

This book is being sent to each post, and accompanying it will be a household manual which, in itself, will take much of the drudgery out of northern life. The manual starts out with a plan to apportion the supplies at each post's mess, in order to provide excellent meals over all of the twelve months. Menus for every meal for ten weeks have been worked out by the food experts, with suggestions from H B C men who have spent years in the Arctic. The meals are based on supplies available at the various posts, and the book is in loose-leaf form so that additional menus and recipes may be added as head office prepares them.

The menus given would stand up well anywhere. A typical Monday dinner uses the remainder of Sunday's roast in a northern dish called Newfoundland brews, and the recipe for this is given in a special section of the manual. The dinner is completed with boiled potatoes, beets, orange soufflé, tea and coffee. (All the recipes for these are given in the Canadian Cook Book, which is also being supplied to each post.)

The potatoes may have been frozen, so the manual gives careful directions about preparing them to over-

come the flavour peculiar to frozen potatoes. The beets are canned, the orange soufflé must be made with evaporated egg powder, but there is a whole chapter dealing with recipes for this powder.

Menus for the trail and the supplies for each trip have been worked out, with special emphasis placed on taking along the H B C Vitamin Mineral Tablets which Dr. Tisdall and his associates have prescribed as essential in the North, where the sun's rays are deficient in Vitamin D.

Directions for storing food, and for canning and preserving meat, fish and other foods which may be procured in the districts around the posts, are given in great detail. Routine for laundering and general household arts are worked out to fit in with conditions in the North.

Both books have special sections regarding diet for children for which the information has been compiled by Drs. T. G. H. Drake and J. H. Ebbs, and the complicated regime of orange juice and cod liver oil is presented with a casualness that simplifies the whole thing.—*K.R.*

News of the Fur Trade

London Office News

In May we were pleased to see Mr. P. A. Chester, the General Manager for Canada, who flew over the Atlantic for a brief visit to discuss various matters with the Governor and Committee.

S. H. Murley is now in New York, where F. J. Happs, senior supervisor of Persian lambskins, will shortly join him. R. A. Delf is now in southwest Africa, and E. Simkhaeff is in Afghanistan.

We have received a list of ten members of the Canadian staff who are serving with the Canadian Expeditionary Force on this side, to whom we have issued invitations to visit our offices in London. The Governor and Mrs. Ashley Cooper have also kindly invited these men to visit them at their country residence, Hexton Manor. So far it has only been possible for one of these, Private W. H. Reddy from the Calgary retail store, to call, and we were very pleased to welcome him on July 6.

We congratulate E. G. Berry, of the London Fur Warehouse staff, who has received promotion from able-seaman to sub-lieutenant, R.N.V.R.

Mr. R. Harvey Fleming, assistant editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society, whose period of appointment terminates in September next, has now returned to Canada. The preparation of volume III of the society's publications—"Minutes of Northern Council, 1821-31"—is well advanced and publication is expected before the end of the year.

We were interested recently to receive a visit from representatives of the Ortus Film Company to discuss various arrangements in connection with a film, "49th Parallel," which is to be produced in association with the Ministry of Information. The party is now en route to Canada and will visit the Company's post at Wolstenholme, where some of the scenes in the film will be shot.

We extend our good wishes to Miss E. Barrs, clerk in the Accounts Department at Beaver House, who is leaving to be married.

We heard with great relief the good news that nine members of our London staff serving with the British Expeditionary Force in Flanders had returned safely to London, and their accounts of their adventures and experiences have been most interesting.

Capt. M. H. Wonnall was in France for about two months and spent the last eighteen days in continuous fighting, some hand to hand. His battalion was on the extreme left-hand flank of the British Army, with the Belgians holding the line to the coast, so that when King Leopold capitulated they were left in the air some thirty miles from the coast. Wonnall was in charge of the transport and his instructions were to collect all possible transport and about 150 men and get them to Dunkirk if possible. He started in an air-raid and had to drive along bombed and shelled roads, sometimes making a detour to avoid the worst of the shelling, and finally reached Dunkirk. He spent two days on the beach, and then had to swim out to a boat. He went into the water with full equipment, had to drop off his great coat and steel helmet on the way, reached a boat, but was bombed again during the night and had to swim for it again. This time he was a little more tired and had to jettison his boots and trousers; he reached the second boat covered in oil from the wreck of the first. When we saw him his uniform was a little scrappy, and he was a little surprised to be still alive, but his spirits were undaunted, and he was his usual bright and breezy self.

Lieut. J. Ryder Jones was in France for a month or so, attached to an R.A. depot. An urgent message was received for anti-tank officers and he was one of the two sent up. When he reached a village near the fighting line, officers there told him they were leaving in half an hour and that it was no good going on. He was asked to take a large number of men of various regiments to Dunkirk. He was in Dunkirk for two days before being taken off by a destroyer on Sunday, May 26. His greeting at Dover, just when he was congratulating himself on having escaped the bombers, was a furious anti-aireraft outburst from the shore batteries, which apparently had its effect, as no bombs were dropped.

Signaller H. W. Willacy was in the Territorials and went out to France in the first days of the war. On his week's leave at Christmas, he complained somewhat of boredom. At Dunkirk he had to swim to a boat and apparently lost most of his uniform—when he visited the warehouse the evening after he got back to England, his uniform was done up with safety pins and he had a Canadian hat.

Corporal H. B. Shirley and Drivers E. Johnson, W. Johnson, B. Rutherford, J. Sach, and G. E. Thompson, of the R.A.S.C., have been in France for two months or so. They were with a convoy of lorries, but got lost and separated.

Winnipeg Office News

The Canadian Committee has announced that P. A. Chester, General Manager, has assumed, in addition to his other responsibilities, those of Acting Manager, Fur Trade Department.

Congratulations to R. H. Chesshire, whose appointment as Assistant Manager of the Fur Trade Department has just been announced by the Canadian Committee. This year, Mr. Chesshire completed fifteen years of service with the Company. He was born and educated in England and joined the Company in Canada in March, 1925, starting as a clerk in the fuel department of the Winnipeg store. In two years, he reached the position of assistant manager in the fuel department, and a year later, in 1928, became manager. In April, 1933, he became associated with the merchandise division of the Winnipeg store, and continued on this work for three years in the Calgary and Victoria stores. In February, 1936, he entered the Winnipeg office of the Fur Trade, where, among other duties, he performed the initial research in personnel work. His next job was the management of Mackenzie River Transport during 1938. In the fall of that year, he became supervisor of the western districts. Mr. Chesshire brings a great deal of versatile experience to his new position, and his friends in the Company will wish him every success in this important office.

Since the last issue of *The Beaver*, more fur traders have left their jobs to go into active service. These include B. I. Merrill, of Fort Chipewyan; C. McArthur, of Souris River; R. F. Millard, of South Reindeer Lake, who has enlisted as a private with the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders; P. Y. Davoud, who is a flight lieutenant with the R.C.A.F. and is now busy on instructional work at Trenton; and J. P. Stewart, of the Winnipeg Raw Fur Department, who has joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Lieut. Jock Runcie, of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, was in Winnipeg again after a period of training at Calgary, Camp Shilo, and other points.

Bill Rannie, from Kingston, Ontario, has joined the Company and is now employed in the Winnipeg Depot.

Long service awards have recently been presented to a number of fur traders in Hudson's Bay House by George W. Allan, Chairman of the Canadian Committee. Miss Jessie McGregor, W. E. Brown and R. H. G. Bonnycastle received awards for

fifteen years' service, while Alex Anderson received his twenty-five-year award.

J. W. Henley, of the Fur Trade, and N. Abramson, of the retail stores office, were in Kingston in June attending a week's course of study on personnel administration held at Queen's University.

H. E. Cooper, merchandise manager, took to the air again in June and July, flying in BMI with R. H. Chesshire on an inspection of British Columbia and Mackenzie-Athabasca district posts.

L. Butler spent a few weeks at Cumberland House marsh during June and July on muskrat research.

Post staff will be wondering when the balance of this year's post library shipments will be reaching them. Unfortunately, owing to wartime shipping conditions, the Penguin reprints have not yet arrived from London, but they will be distributed as soon as possible.

Ralph Parsons is now holidaying in his old haunts in Newfoundland, enjoying a real rest following his retirement after forty years' active service. He reports he is getting some good fishing and preparing his schooner *Amadjuak* for a voyage in Newfoundland waters.

British Columbia District

R. H. Chesshire, supervisor of Western districts, left Edmonton early in July for Winnipeg, which point he will now make his headquarters.

Building operations are in full swing at the following posts in the district: Babine, a new dwelling house; Stewart River, Y.T., a new store; Fort Selkirk, Y.T., a new warehouse; and smaller scale operations are going on at Fort Liard, McLeod's Lake and Old Fort Babine.

Two B.C. survey parties, comprising about thirty men, headed by N. C. Stewart and H Pattinson, are operating this summer out of Fort Ware towards the Sifton Pass on Alaska Highway reconnaissance.

The district manager, J. Milne, accompanied by the Mackenzie-Athabasca district manager, J. Bartleman, made a trip through the district with the Company's 'plane BMI in June and visited quite a number of posts. J. A. Watson was picked up at Telegraph Creek, and Messrs. R. H. Chesshire and H. E. Cooper joined the party at Whitehorse, Y.T. Mr. Milne returned from Dawson, while the others proceeded to the Mackenzie. North Sawle piloted BMI, while J. Buchan was engineer.

J. Milne spent the last three weeks of July on holiday at the coast.

The following post managers and their wives came outside on holiday this summer, having spent two to three years at their posts: Mr. and Mrs. J. Gregg from Whitehorse, Mr. and Mrs. J. Forrest from Fort Selkirk, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Mackie from Babine, Mr. and Mrs. R. Walker from Hazelton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. T. Tipton from Telegraph Creek, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Copeland from Fort Grahame.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Houston, of Stewart River, Y.T., on the birth of a baby daughter, Mary Eileen, at St. Mary's Hospital, Dawson, on 2nd August; and to Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Retallack, of Old Fort Babine, on the birth of a son, Thomas Russell, on 14th May.

Mrs. J. Forrest underwent an operation in Vancouver recently, and we are pleased to report that she is now feeling fit again and fully recovered.

Mrs. W. P. Johnston, of Fort St. James post, had to be rushed to hospital at Prince George by aeroplane in July, where she was operated on for appendicitis. At time of writing, we understand she is well on the way to recovery.

Company radio stations have now been established at Taela, Babine and Dease Lake, and in September we hope to have Frances Lake outpost on the air.

We welcome to the district J. J. Wood, who is proceeding to Nelson Forks to take charge of that post. C. H. J. Winter arrived from Hazelton early in August, at which point he had been relieving, and is now on holidays.

All freighting operations in the district are proceeding smoothly.

Western Arctic District

Mr. and Mrs. A. Copland and family left Edmonton in time to connect with the first trip of the *Distributor* to spend the summer at Tuktuk, where Mr. Copland is taking charge of the Western Arctic Transport. They are due to arrive back in Edmonton in September.

In a telegram received from Mr. Copland late in July, he reports everything going well in connection with freighting in the far North, and that ice conditions have been good.

William Gibson also left Edmonton to connect with the first *Distributor*, and has since proceeded to Coppermine, from which point he will attend to the administration of the Western Arctic district. Mr. Gibson spent several months last spring in the district office at Edmonton.

We welcome to the district, Miss V. Winter, formerly of Scotland, who passed through Edmonton en route to Bathurst Inlet, where she is to become the bride of R. R. McIsaac, our post manager at that point. She was accompanied by Mrs. A. Gavin, who is proceeding north to meet her husband at Perry River.

William Gibson and F. R. Ross both completed fifteen years in the Company's service this summer and have been awarded the Long Service Silver Medal.

There is a great scarcity of news from the Western Arctic at this time, as all the officials connected with the district are at present in the North and no reports have been received at district office.

Nelson River District

On July 3 the M.S. *Fort Severn* left Churchill for York Factory on the first voyage of the season. From observations made during the district manager's June inspection trip, while flying between York Factory and Churchill, it appeared evident that ice conditions would be very favourable, as the pack ice was badly broken and scattered—a very marked contrast to the heavy ice encountered during the 1939 season. These observations were confirmed by an almost complete freedom from delay, usually experienced each season, caused by the ice barrier in the vicinity of Cape Churchill. Weather conditions were also very favourable, with the result that at the end of voyage number three the *Fort Severn* was operating ten days ahead of schedule.

Up to July she delivered supplies to the following points: York Factory, Eskimo Point, Tavane, Chesterfield Inlet, Kaskatamagan, and Severn. This July marked her first visit to Kaskatamagan (about one hundred miles to the east of York Factory). In future this point will be one of our regular ports of call.

During June District Manager W. E. Brown had the privilege of making the first official trip on the Company's new Beechcraft, CF-BHA.

Leaving Winnipeg June 7, with Pilot D. McLaren at the controls, the following Nelson River District posts were visited: Cat Lake, Big Beaver House, Trout Lake, Bearskin Lake, Shamattawa, York Factory, Churchill, Split Lake, Nelson House, and Pukatawagan. All members of the post staffs at the points visited were found to be in good health.

The new 'plane appears to be ideally suited for such inspection trips, and under Dune McLaren's able handling, and his uncanny ability to find his way about through the unmapped areas, should prove of great value for inspection work particularly in the more isolated sections of the North.

White whales have been unusually numerous in the Churchill River during the present season, and a number of sportsmen from south of the line have taken an enthusiastic part in the whale hunts staged by the local residents. More easily accessible than big game country, yet offering almost as much thrill (without the danger) as bagging a silvertip, there is every reason to believe that increasing numbers of sportsmen will visit Churchill for the purpose of adding a white whale to their list of trophies.

We welcome the following employees into the district: F. Reid, now relief manager at Wabowden post; R. Gordon, who has been appointed manager of Trout Lake post, and F. Schoales, who rejoined the Fur Trade as clerk at Nelson House.

D. Drysdale is off to the Pacific Coast on a well earned furlough. The latest information indicates that Davey took his bagpipes with him and is taking part in the bagpipe competitions now being staged in Vancouver.

Saskatchewan District

With the opening of navigation and the advent of summer flying conditions, posts in the Manitoba sector of the district were visited by District Manager R. A. Talbot early in the month of July, Norway House, Cross Lake, Oxford House, God's Lake, Island Lake, and Rossville having been inspected.

Prosperity has in some measure apparently returned to the North, for the natives were found to be well clothed and appeared to be better cared for than for some time past, due no doubt to the exceptionally good rat hunt experienced at most posts. They have been able this year to replenish their canoes and equip-

Wild Swans Silhouetted against a Stormy Sky — Lorne Squire

Mackenzie Delta.

ment, and in some cases renovate their homes and were in an exceptionally happy frame of mind.

There is considerable building activity in the district this season, new buildings being erected at Deer Lake post, which is now located at a new site on Big Sandy Lake, a new dwelling house at Isle a la Crosse, and a new store at Green Lake.

J. W. Henley accompanied the district manager on a visit to Green Lake, Beauval, Isle a la Crosse, Clear Lake, Pine River, Lac la Ronge, Stanley and Montreal Lake posts in July and August.

Our congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Nelson, who were married at Little Britain on June 25. Mrs. Nelson was formerly Miss Jean McConnell and is no newcomer to northern life.

Felicitations also go to Mr. and Mrs. W. Gowans on the birth of a son, William David, on July 1, and to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Lowrie on the birth of a son, William Winning, on June 6.

It is with regret we record the passing of W. C. Rackham at Pine Falls on July 25, after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Rackham entered the Company's service in 1903 and was stationed at Fort Vermilion as clerk. In 1912 he was inspecting officer in Athabasca district, and in 1915 became district manager of Keewatin district. From there he was transferred to the management of James Bay district in 1918. He retired in 1921 and took up residence at Fort Alexander.

St. Lawrence District

J. H. A. Wilmot completed eight years in the district this summer since his transfer from Winnipeg in 1932 and, after supervising the assembling of the northern supplies at the wharf shed, left on the *Nascopie* to see that they were duly delivered at their various destinations. Some of the ports of call will be new to him, but he is no stranger to the far North, having made the "Bay" voyage during the last war.

Hugh R. Conn, who has handled our Grand Lac business since 1934, is leaving us shortly to take over the duties of resident supervisor for the Indian Affairs Branch beaver preserve in the province of Quebec. Fortunately, in Mr. Conn's case we do not have to say farewell, as we expect to contact him frequently in the future. In the meantime he has our heartiest congratulations on his appointment and our best wishes for complete success in his new work, for which he is admirably fitted.

Although he is very busy on the construction of the new store at Obijuan, Post Manager H. A. Graham decided that there is no time like the present, and he was married to Miss Alice Hubert at the post on July 20. This of course was quite an event for the Obijuan people as well as for the participants in the ceremony, to whom we wish every happiness.

Congratulations to Leo and Mrs. Turgeon, of Mattice, on the arrival of a daughter, born on July 19.

H. M. Budgell made a long trip to join His Majesty's forces. He left Voisey's Bay on the Newfoundland-Labrador coast on April 1, proceeding overland to Seven Islands on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where he eventually arrived on July 3. He recently joined the Black Watch regiment in Montreal and is now undergoing training in camp.

W. C. Newbury has returned to Blanc Sablon with Mrs. Newbury, after two months' leave, during which he underwent medical treatment. We are pleased to hear that he has benefited considerably.

Shortly after Mr. Newbury's return R. M. Howell, with Mrs. Howell and the two children, left Blanc Sablon to take charge of Cartwright post in the Labrador district.

During July and August the majority of the post staffs at upper gulf, "Line" and nearby inland points were on vacation and several visited Montreal.

David E. Cooter, Chibougamau post manager, is on two months' furlough and is at present visiting relatives on the Pacific Coast.

W. Jefferys, Mrs. Jefferys and family are spending August in Montreal and will leave for Woswonaby post in September.

J. N. Stevenson, Nitchequon post manager, took a course of radio instruction while visiting Montreal in July and August. He brought out from Nitchequon the sad news that his interpreter, Alfred Taylor, formerly of Moose Factory, was drowned due to the upsetting of a canoe a few miles from the post.

Throughout the district generally the Indians had a fairly successful spring hunt. The Woswonaby band has had a severe outbreak of sickness, practically the entire population having been more or less seriously ill from heavy colds. Dr. Bolduc, of Senneterre, paid several visits to the post on instructions from the Indian Affairs Branch, Ottawa.

In the upper part of the gulf, the salmon fishery was again very poor, while at time of writing Blanc Sablon reports that the cod fishery has not been up to average. The catch in that section is less than half of last year's total.

H. B. Frankland, our post garden enthusiast at Pointe Bleue, writing under date July 31, states "Peas and wax beans from garden providing daily vegetables. Wild strawberries about over and raspberries and blueberries now being picked on surrounding fields."

Oskelaneo post had its usual rush when the northern Indians arrived to freight the trade supplies for northern posts by canoe. In early July three hundred northern Indians were in the village, and Post Manager E. J. Haight writes that he had his hands full when one hundred or more Indians "try and jam in the store at one time."

Senneterre also had a revival of old times when the Woswonaby canoe brigade arrived to freight the outfit's trade supplies.

James Bay District

Due to breakdown, the M.B. *Dorothy* is at present tied up at Belcher Island post awaiting new parts before repairs can be effected. The district manager, Mr. Cowan, was unfortunate in being one of her passengers, all of whom may be forced to remain at Belcher for several weeks before being transported to the mainland. We hope that, by the time this is printed, the passengers of the M.B. *Dorothy* are back at Moosonee and the boat herself travelling under her own power.

Two weddings took place at Moose Factory during the month of July, the marriage of W. B. Anderson and Miss A. Dahl taking place on July 5, after which they departed to Albany post, and that of C. C. (Bim) Foreman and Miss Ruth McLeod on the 22nd. Mr. and Mrs. Foreman left on the *Joy H* for Rupert's House, en route to their home at Nemaska. We extend hearty congratulations and best wishes to these four young people.

Kanaaupscow outpost reports the disappearance of one Luke Rat, who was said to have left his home on April 7 en route to the outpost. Later in the diary it was revealed that the body of Luke Rat was found some ten miles from Kanaaupscow on May 5. It was believed that he was taken ill and unable to continue his trip, eventually freezing to death.

The following members of the staff have been in Winnipeg recently on furlough: J. Patience from Fort Hope, A. S. Thorgilsson from Attawapiskat, being transferred to Montreal Lake in Saskatchewan district, and R. H. Cook from Gogama.

We welcome to the district W. A. McGilvray now of Cavell post, formerly of Rossville post in Saskatchewan district, and L. Bradbury now at Belcher Island and formerly of St. Lawrence district.

We regret to hear of the illness of S. A. Taylor of Long Lac, who is at present in hospital and being relieved at the post by L. A. Martin. We wish Mr. Taylor a speedy recovery and hope he will soon be back again at Long Lac.

Labrador District

The *Fort Garry*, which sailed on her first voyage for the season to Labrador late in May, was unduly delayed by Arctic ice. She is now on her voyage to the Ungava Bay section of the district, also taking along supplies for Nutak and Hebron posts.

The district manager is en route to northern Labrador posts and Ungava Bay, having completed his early inspection of the southern posts.

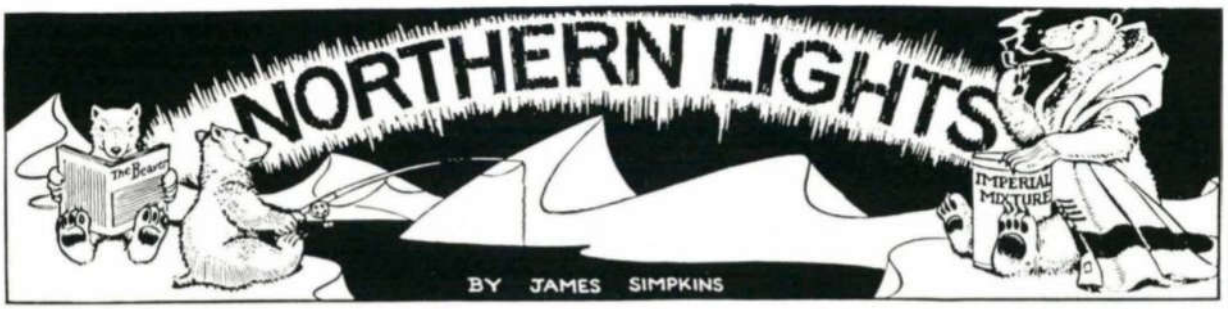
The salmon fishery at Cartwright, which looked very promising at the beginning, proved to be a failure. This is the second bad season in succession, making it very difficult for residents of Sandwich Bay, and Cartwright in particular, as it affects their earning power very considerably.

The M.B. *Fort Amadjuak* arrived at St. John's from Cartwright early in June and has received an overhauling of her engines, also some alterations and repairs have been made to the hull.

We have been glad to see Mr. Ralph Parsons at the district office on several occasions since his arrival in Newfoundland.

R. H. Ploughman took passage by the *Fort Garry* recently for Hebron, and P. J. Soper for Fort McKenzie.

July was an exceptionally busy month at St. John's, as in addition to the *Fort Garry* we had two other auxiliaries under charter, which we loaded for Labrador posts.



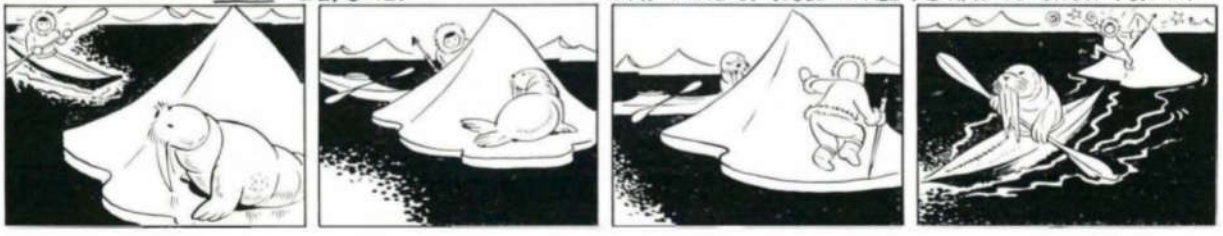
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED COPYRIGHT by "The Beaver

"SOMEBODY SENT ME A BOOK."

"THAT'S MR. SEE-SIK. HE SPENT THE SUMMER IN PERSIA.

"BOY! I'LL BET NO ONE'S EVER BEEN HERE BEFORE."

"I CAN'T BELIEVE HE WENT VERY FAR SOUTH WHEN THAT PIECE OF WOOD IS ALL HE HAS TO SHOW FOR IT."



Mackenzie River Transport

Midsummer and mid season of northern navigation finds the Company's Mackenzie River Transport well ahead with a record tonnage handled to date. Best advantage has been taken of good water and the fine work of the Government dredging, obviating all yarding and making for uninterrupted operation over the long system.

Heavy hydro power machinery for the new development near Yellowknife of Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. has been going in all season and includes the scroll case with speed ring, which is the largest single piece ever handled by the Transport.

The two refer barges have been kept on the move steadily, supplying an increased demand for Yellowknife and the new demand from Burns' plant at Goldfields, which was constructed this spring. A real First of July was enjoyed in the far northern town of Yellowknife, with a plentiful supply of ice cream and chilled fruits.

Captain Naylor of the *Distributor* has a big season's job well under way and has reached Aretic Red River on the second Mackenzie voyage through to Aklavik. This trip was originally planned to go only as far as Fort Norman but added tonnage beyond that point made it necessary to go farther. The first trip was completed in good time in spite of a delay due to ice conditions which prevented the Western Aretic Transport vessel from meeting the *Distributor*. Yarding operations of the Western Aretic Transport, however, were completed early in July by the *Margaret A* and the *Fort Ross*.

Captain Elvea made a very successful trip up the Liard and Nelson rivers with the heaviest tonnage on record for this subsidiary of the lower end.

A keener interest in our Arctic trip is apparent and we have been pleased to have an unusual number of visitors from United States and other points.

The excellent co-operation of all units in the system has made possible weekly schedules to Fitzgerald, across the lake to Goldfields on the upper route and as far as Yellowknife on the lower end.

The Transport personnel has been remarkably free from illness or accident this season, with the exception of Capt. Hansley, who recently flew to Edmonton, and Cook Dean, who is now in Fort McMurray hospital. Port Steward E. Berg suffered an appendectomy during June but is now completely recovered

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

The past quarter was, of course, the near holiday season and the migration of men from the North commenced quite early in the year to enable the majority of the staff to become acquainted with city life again. Quite a few are yet vacationing—H. J. Gallagher, of Wabasca; T. Winchester, of Cold Lake; J. G. Craig, of Fort Norman; Harry Ambrose, of Fort McPherson; Harry McDonald, of Fort Smith; W. H. Black, of Fort McMurray, and J. S. Nisbet, of Fort Vermilion. Billy Winchester was doubtful about his proposed visit to the States, but apparently the border guardian gave him the O.K. signal.

Meanwhile the Edmonton office staff has been actively enjoying our well known western scenery. Jack Kimpton recently returned, nicely tanned and eager for annual accounts, from a tour of Jasper, Banff, and other scenic points. George Pendleton is presently at Vancouver and doubtless chinning fur trade gossip with such veterans as Chris Harding, John Henry and others.

The district manager, John Bartleman, appears to favour Jasper as a camping place and was seen in the Jasper Lodge dining room on a certain Saturday enjoying the humour and wit of *Brums* Gracie Fields.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Crossley, of Fort Good Hope, and to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carson, of Stony Rapids. These proud parents welcomed the stork some few weeks ago.

We also say "hello" to the very recent brides of R. W. Dodman, of Hay River, and Mac Watson, of Snowdrift, and wish them every happiness and a long life in the Fur Trade.

We were sorry to lose Bryce Merrill, of Chipewyan, who joined the Forces in July last. However, it is but a temporary loss and we look forward to the day when our men will be free to return to the ranks of the Fur Trade, their duty to their country well done. Meantime, the boys in the North are doing their part in other ways and are particularly good customers of the War Savings Certificate branch.

Our felicitations to R. H. Chesshire and R. R. Graham, who have left us to pursue their duties from head office.

BMI was again droning over the district during June, with R. H. Chesshire, H. E. Cooper, District Manager John Bartleman, and John Watson aboard. These much travelled fur traders had reasonably good weather, but spent a very long and a not-too-comfortable night riding out on the turbulent waters of Great Slave Lake. However, we learn on good authority that the howling wind could not drown the weird noises escaping from BMI's interior where an impromptu glee club was born. Incidentally, Pilot North Sawle's mighty back bore the travellers ashore at 5 a.m. for a much needed mug-up. Everything went swimmingly from then on, particularly the district manager, who fell in the drink at Fond du Lac.

Long service awards were recently made to J. McPherson, W. J. Clarke and Bob Middleton in recognition of their services of forty, twenty and fifteen years respectively.

John Watson's filing system must be exceptionally intricate. We don't know how he does it, but at present he is either building or repairing at no less than twelve points in this district and is now here preparing to inspect these various and much scattered jobs before attending to other jobs in British Columbia. The new store at Fort Vermilion is practically completed and, according to John, is really nice. Modern plumbing, electric lighting, forced air heating and circulation are thrown in and he and Bruce Clark anticipate a gala opening on 3rd September next. Bruce will be there to organize the opening and John Watson is quite ready to forget joists, protractors and the like for a day to join in the gala celebration.

Ungava District

Wedding bells continue to ring merrily for Ungava district. We say "continue" because weddings in the Eastern Arctic are still the exception rather than the rule, although the position will be reversed if all the rumours we hear are fulfilled. In Winnipeg on the 24th June Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Heslop were joined in matrimony and later travelled to Churchill, Manitoba, en route for Fort Ross. At Cape Smith, on Wednesday, August 7, with the Reverend Canon J. H. Turner officiating, the wedding of Miss Marion Buell to P. A. C. Nichols was solemnized in Arctic style. J. A. Thom was groomsman and J. W. Anderson gave the bride in marriage. The passengers, and as many of the ship's company as could be spared from other duties, were present and, as we had just anchored at Cape Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Webster were also able to attend. After the ceremony and the signing of the register, a reception was held in the saloon, when the bride cut the wedding cake and Major D. L. McKeand gave the toast to the happy couple. Our best wishes go out to the newly married couples at Fort Ross and Cape Smith.

Since the last issue of the *Beaver*, Mr. and Mrs. Melton have returned to take up residence at Wolstenholme, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Demment to Cape Dorset, N. M. Roberts to Port Harrison and A. P. Thorburn to Lake Harbour. Those taking furlough are Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Webster, Chesley Russell and Ian Smith. Mrs. A. B. Fraser and baby Brenda have come out to spend the winter in Winnipeg and will be joined later by Post Manager A. B. Fraser of Port Harrison. Other changes in the district include the transfer of Post Manager M. L. Manning to Sugluk, while Post Manager R. Cruickshank goes to Povungnetuk, with B. M. May as assistant. Ian Smith, when he returns home to Montreal, will have great tales to tell of his trip by dog team from Wolstenholme to Wakeham Bay, where he took up temporary duties to assist Post Manager M. L. Manning until the month of July. This trip is, under normal circumstances, neither particularly long nor arduous. But when you get heavy snow in early April, with consequent "heavy going," the results are not always pleasant. At any rate Smith eventually reached his destination but lost some fifteen pounds of his not overbundant avoirdupois through chewing his sealskin boots for three days!

O. M. Demment had a very interesting voyage to Greenland in the early summer, when he acted as purser for the charter voyage of the R.M.S. *Nascopie*. On his return to Montreal he was joined by Mrs. Demment, who had just spent a few days' holiday at her home in Troy, New York.

Dr. J. A. Bildfell, a son of J. J. Bildfell, who during the last year has been stationed at Cape Dorset, is a passenger on board the *Nascopie* from Churchill to Pangnirtung. There he will be resident doctor to forty white residents and more than two thousand Eskimos. He will also act as justice of the peace and coroner.

Mrs. J. A. Thom is another passenger on the *Nascopie*, accompanied by her two babies, and is on her way to rejoin her husband and live at Pangnirtung.

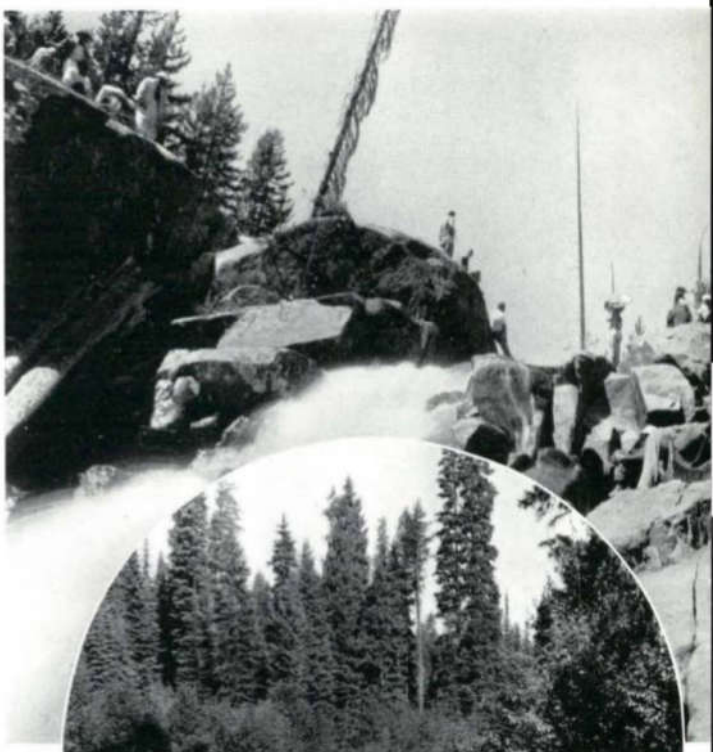
We understand that a large walrus hunt is to take place at Port Harrison very soon, which will employ the services of all the local natives.

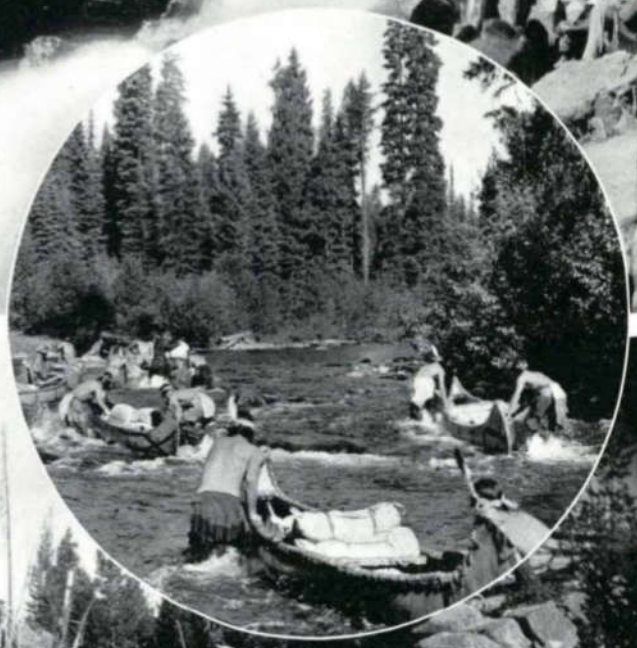
On Location

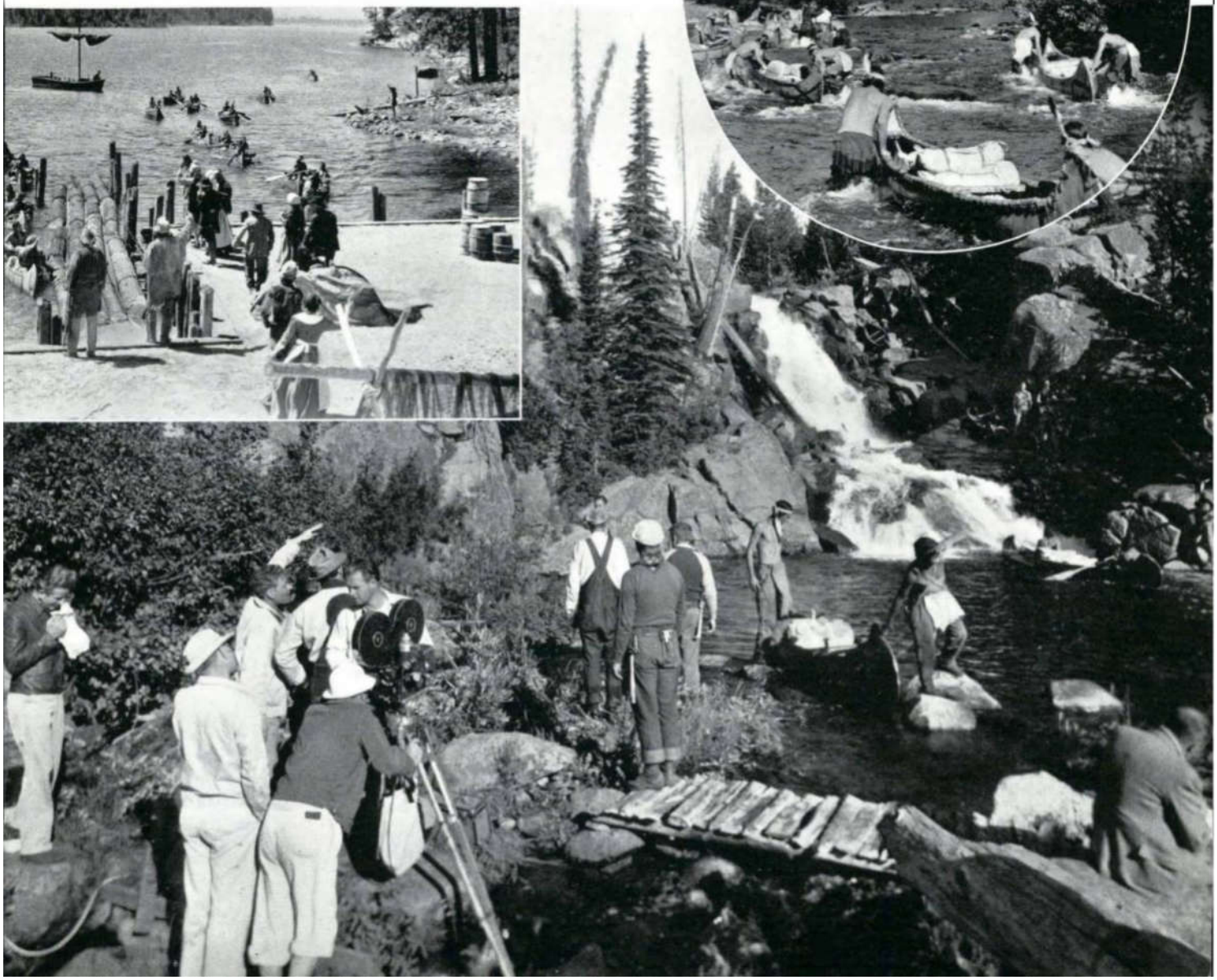
for

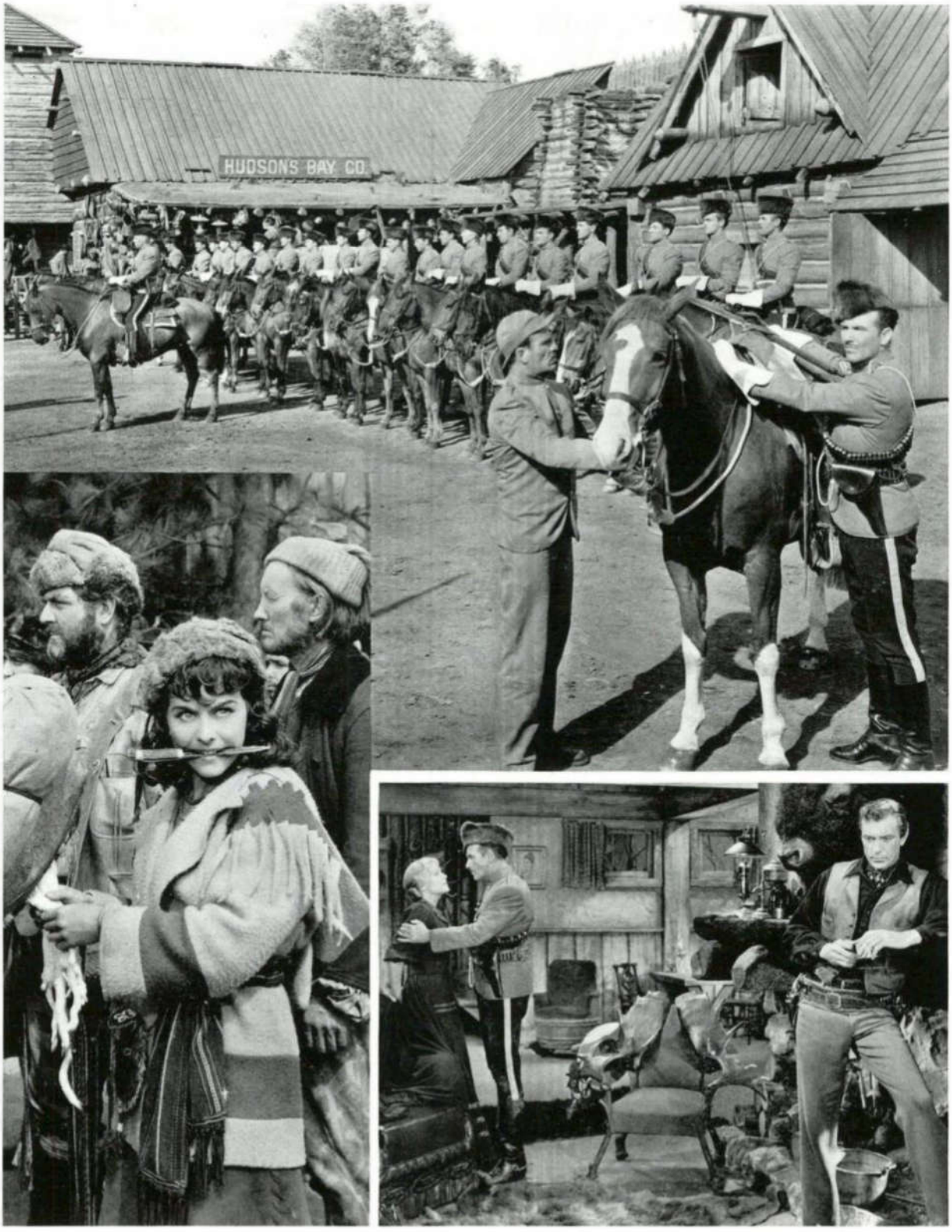
"Hudson's Bay Company"

Early in August at McCall, Idaho, Twentieth Century-Fox started shooting on their picture about the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company. On this page are shown the camera crew and some of the cast in action.



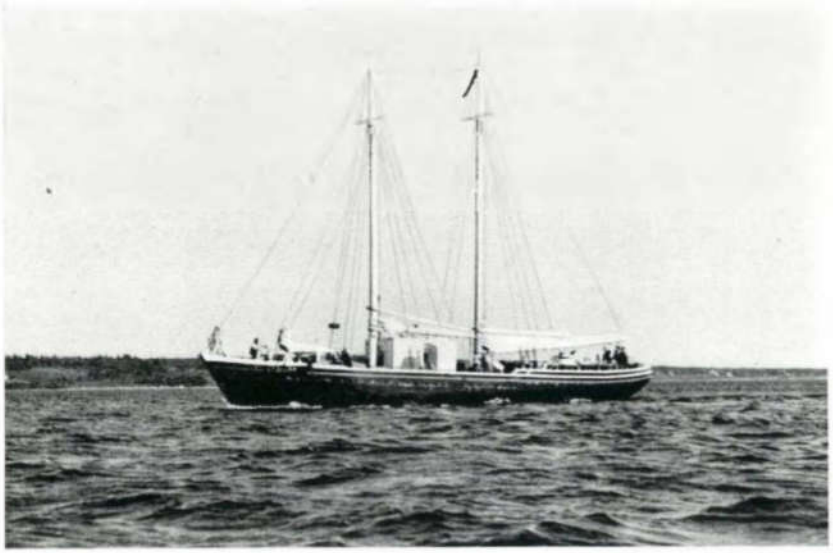






Some scenes from the Paramount picture, "North West Mounted Police," which will have its world premiere at Regina in October. Top: Inside "Fort Carlton," with Preston Foster about to mount. Left: Paulette Goddard as a half-breed does a little pilfering with the aid of a blunt (we hope) knife. Right: The eternal triangle at Fort Carlton. Texas Ranger Cooper looks worried while Mountie Foster gets sentimental with his girl friend, Nurse Carroll.

Right: The second H B C Beechcraft, CF-BHA, moored on the Red River near Winnipeg. She is being used for inspection trips, with Dunc. McLaren as pilot, and seats four passengers.



Left: The new Company motor schooner, "Fort Charles," which replaces the "Fort Churchill" as supply ship for the James Bay posts, on her trial spin in Nova Scotian waters.

Below: Who, where, and when? Your guess is as good as ours, if not better.

STAFF CHANGES

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Name	From	To
J. Gregg	Manager, Whitehorse	Manager, Fort Selkirk
F. S. Bailey	Opost Mgr., Frances Lake	Assistant, Fort Selkirk
R. S. Cunningham	Assistant, Liard	Outpost Mgr., Frances Lake
J. R. McMurchy	Manager, Kitwanga	Relief Mgr., Telegraph Creek
J. W. Forrest	Manager, Fort Selkirk	Manager, Fort Liard
C. S. Grant	Clerk, Fort St. James	Clerk, Telegraph Creek
J. P. Kirk	Clerk, Fort Selkirk	Clerk, Stewart River
A. Reid	Furlough	Manager, Whitehorse
J. Hope-Brown	District Office	Manager, Kitwanga
D. Pitts	Clerk, Wabasca	Appren., Fort St. James
J. J. Wood	Assistant, Fort Smith	Manager, Nelson Forks
R. G. Gillard	Manager, Fort Liard	Furlough
W. G. Crisp	Manager, Telegraph Creek	Furlough

NELSON RIVER DISTRICT

R. Gordon	James Bay District	Manager, Trout Lake
A. McKinelly	Manager, Trout Lake	Furlough
W. J. Harvey	Furlough	Mgr., South Indian Lake
D. Drysdale	Manager, Padley	Furlough
F. Schoales	Clerk, Nelson House	Manager, Severn
F. Reid	B.C. District	Manager, Wabowden
G. T. Bremner	Manager, Wabowden	Furlough
A. Miljar	Manager, Split Lake	Furlough
T. Batchelor	Manager, Big Beaver House	Furlough
A. B. McIvor	Manager, South Indian Lake	Manager, Pukatawagan
D. Willis	Clerk, Eskimo Point	Relief Manager, Caribou

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT

C. A. Stewart	Clerk, Island Lake	Clerk, Little Grand Rapids
W. A. McGilvray	Manager, Rossville	James Bay District
C. A. Nelson	Clerk, Oxford House	Manager, Poplar River
A. W. Scott	Assistant, Winnipeg	Relief Mgr., James Bay Dist.
C. J. Lockhart-Smith	Manager, Montreal Lake	Relief Mgr., Pelican Narrows
W. W. Lowrie	Manager, Pelican Narrows	Manager, Deer Lake
J. Denton	Temp. Asst., Cedar Lake	Manager, Montreal Lake
D. C. Thacker	Clerk, Berens River	Clerk, Island Lake
P. Pederson	Manager, Beauval	Manager, Clear Lake
J. G. Cruden	Clerk, Lac du Brochet	Joined H. M. Forces
W. M. Garnett	Clerk, Norway House	Clerk, Green Lake
C. M. Dean	Clerk, Isle a la Crosse	Clerk, Norway House
C. McArthur	Manager, Souris River	Joined H. M. Forces
R. S. Van Camp	Clerk, Green Lake	Clerk, Lac la Ronge
J. A. Slater	Assistant, Deer Lake	Resigned
W. J. Gordon	Manager, Poplar River	Mgr., Misty Lake Outpost
J. Lawrie	Manager, Deer Lake	Manager, Beauval
G. M. McLeod	Clerk, Montreal Lake	Resigned
A. S. Thorgilsson	Clerk, James Bay District	Clerk, Montreal Lake

JAMES BAY DISTRICT

J. A. Rodgers	Relief Manager, Wabowden	Manager, English River
I. Yelland	Pensioner, Winnipeg	Relief Manager, Peterbell
R. Gordon	Manager, Albany	Nelson River District
R. B. Carson	Manager, English River	Manager, Fort Hope
W. S. Franklin	Manager, Nipigon House	Resigned
A. S. Thorgilsson	Clerk, Attawapiskat	Clerk, Montreal Lake
P. J. Soper	Clerk, Rupert's House	Assistant, Fort McKenzie
I. C. Colborne	Clerk, Pagwa River	Clerk, Great Whale River
L. Martin	Assistant, Lansdowne House	Relief Manager, Long Lac
W. A. McGilvray	Saskatchewan District	Manager, Cavell
L. Bradbury	St. Lawrence District	Clerk, Belcher Island

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

Name	From	To
H. Ambrose	Manager, Fort McPherson	Furlough
J. G. Craig	Manager, Fort Norman	Furlough
T. W. Fraser	Assistant, Fort Fitzgerald	Tem. Mgr., North Vermilion
W. D. Johnson	Assistant, Aklavik	Assistant, Yellowknife
B. Merrill	Clerk, Fort Chipewyan	Joined H. M. Forces
D. Moir	Clerk, Fort Smith	Clerk, Fort Chipewyan
S. R. Nunn	Clerk, Fort Rae	Clerk, Fort Fitzgerald
D. H. Pitts	Clerk, Wabasca	Clerk, Fort St. James
J. M. Ross	Sick leave	Tem. Mgr., Fort Norman
J. J. Wood	Assistant, Fort Smith	Manager, Nelson Forks

ST. LAWRENCE DISTRICT

R. M. Howell	Blanc Sablon	Labrador District
A. David	James Bay District	Assistant, Blanc Sablon
F. D. Bradford	Clerk, Blanc Sablon	Clerk, St. Augustine
G. S. Fowlie	Manager, Seven Islands	Manager, Bersimis
G. A. Beare	Manager, Bersimis	Manager, Seven Islands
R. Jarnet	Clerk, Bersimis	Clerk, Seven Islands
E. McVey	Furlough	Clerk, Bersimis
W. Jefferys	Manager, Mistassinny	Furlough
G. Dunn	Assistant, Mistassinny	Manager, Mistassinny
D. E. Cooter	Manager, Chibougamau	Furlough
L. Bradbury	Clerk, Obijuan	James Bay District
R. H. Ploughman	Clerk, Pointe Bleue	Labrador District
H. R. Cummings	Clerk, Mattice	Relief, Grand Lac
R. A. deDenus	Clerk, Senneterre	Relief, Mattice

UNGAVA DISTRICT

M. G. Ahlbaum	Clerk, Fort Ross	Furlough
A. Broomfield	Interpreter, Port Harrison	Interpreter, Davis Inlet
W. A. Buhr	Clerk, Lake Harbour	Clerk, Cape Dorset
J. G. Cormack	Manager, Port Harrison	Manager, Clyde
R. Cruickshank	Manager, Sugluk	Manager, Povungnetuk
O. M. Demment	District Office, Winnipeg	Manager, Cape Dorset
S. G. Ford	Manager, Clyde	Pensioned
W. A. Heslop	Furlough	Manager, Fort Ross
L. A. Learmonth	Manager, Fort Ross	Resigned
E. W. Lyall	Interpreter, Fort Ross	Interpreter, Aretic Bay
M. L. Manning	Manager, Stupart's Bay	Manager, Sugluk
E. B. Maurice	Manager, Southampton Is.	Resigned
F. Melton	Furlough	Manager, Wolstenholme
P. A. C. Nichols	Manager, Frobisher Bay	Manager, Cape Smith
N. M. Roberts	Furlough	Clerk, Port Harrison
N. Ross	Furlough	Manager, Aretic Bay
C. Russell	Manager, Cape Dorset	Furlough
A. R. Scott	Manager, Aretic Bay	Furlough
A. Smith	Manager, Pond's Inlet	Furlough
I. C. M. Smith	Clerk, Stupart's Bay	Furlough
A. Stevenson	Clerk, Aretic Bay	Furlough
S. J. Stewart	Manager, Pangnirtung	Furlough
A. T. Swaffield	Furlough	Manager, Pond's Inlet
J. S. Thom	Manager, Wolstenholme	Manager, Pangnirtung
A. P. Thorburn	Clerk, Saskatchewan District	Clerk, Lake Harbour
G. Webster	Manager, Cape Smith	Furlough

LABRADOR DISTRICT

P. J. Soper	Assistant, Rupert's House	Assistant, Fort McKenzie
D. A. Wilderspin	Manager, Fort Chimo	Furlough
I. Rudgell	Clerk, Hebron	Clerk, Nain
R. H. Ploughman	Clerk, Pointe Bleue	Clerk, Hebron

A SUMMER CRUISE TO THE ARCTIC

The annual cruise of the Hudson's Bay Company's ship *Nascopie* from Montreal to Hudson Bay and the Arctic holds unusual appeal to the seasoned traveller in search of something "different" for his summer vacation. It captures all the romance of the earlier voyages but is now entirely without the hardships and privations that the earlier explorers had to endure.

The *Nascopie* is an ice-breaker, specially constructed for navigation in the Arctic waters, and the tourist is assured of weeks of interesting and delightful travel in comfort. Long summer days of sunshine and shore visits to all the Eastern Arctic posts, make this cruise an unparalleled vacation for a few very fortunate tourists.

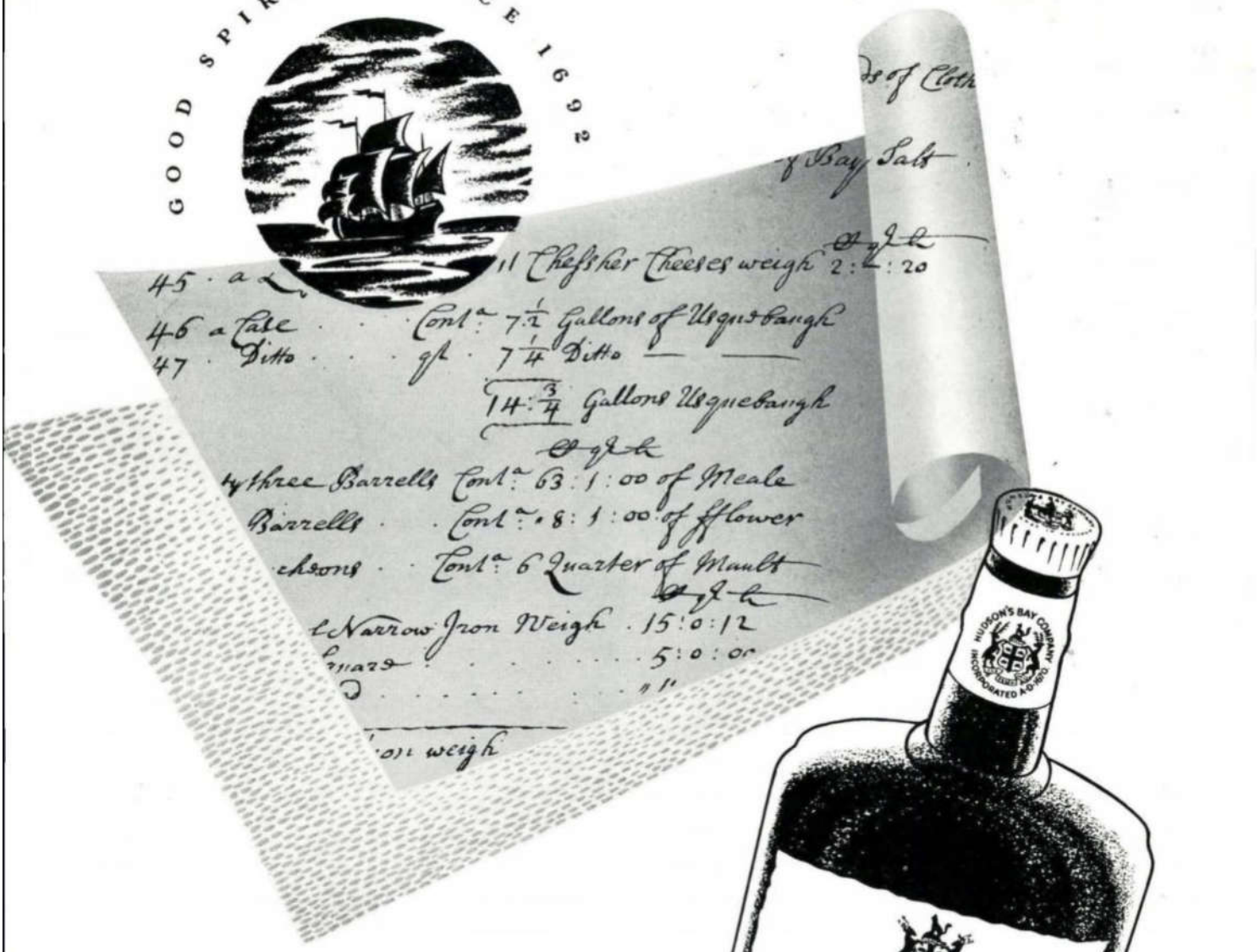
For full particulars apply to

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE WINNIPEG, CANADA.

The Beaver is printed for the Hudson's Bay Company by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada, and the engravings are made by Brigdens of Winnipeg Limited.

GOOD SPIRITS SINCE 1692


of Cloth
of Bay Salts
11 Chefsher Cheeses weigh 2 : 2 : 20
Cont: 7 1/2 Gallons of Usquebaugh
Ditto 7 1/4 Ditto
14 : 3/4 Gallons Usquebaugh
three Barrells Cont: 63 : 1 : 00 of Meale
Barrells Cont: 8 : 1 : 00 of fflower
Cont: 6 Quarter of Maulte
Narrow Iron Weigh 15 : 0 : 12
5 : 0 : 0
weigh

From a Page of Invoice of Goods dated June 27th, 1702 and shipped on board the HUDSON'S BAY Frigate to the Governor at Albany Fort, Hudson Bay.

14 : 3/4 Gallons Usquebaugh

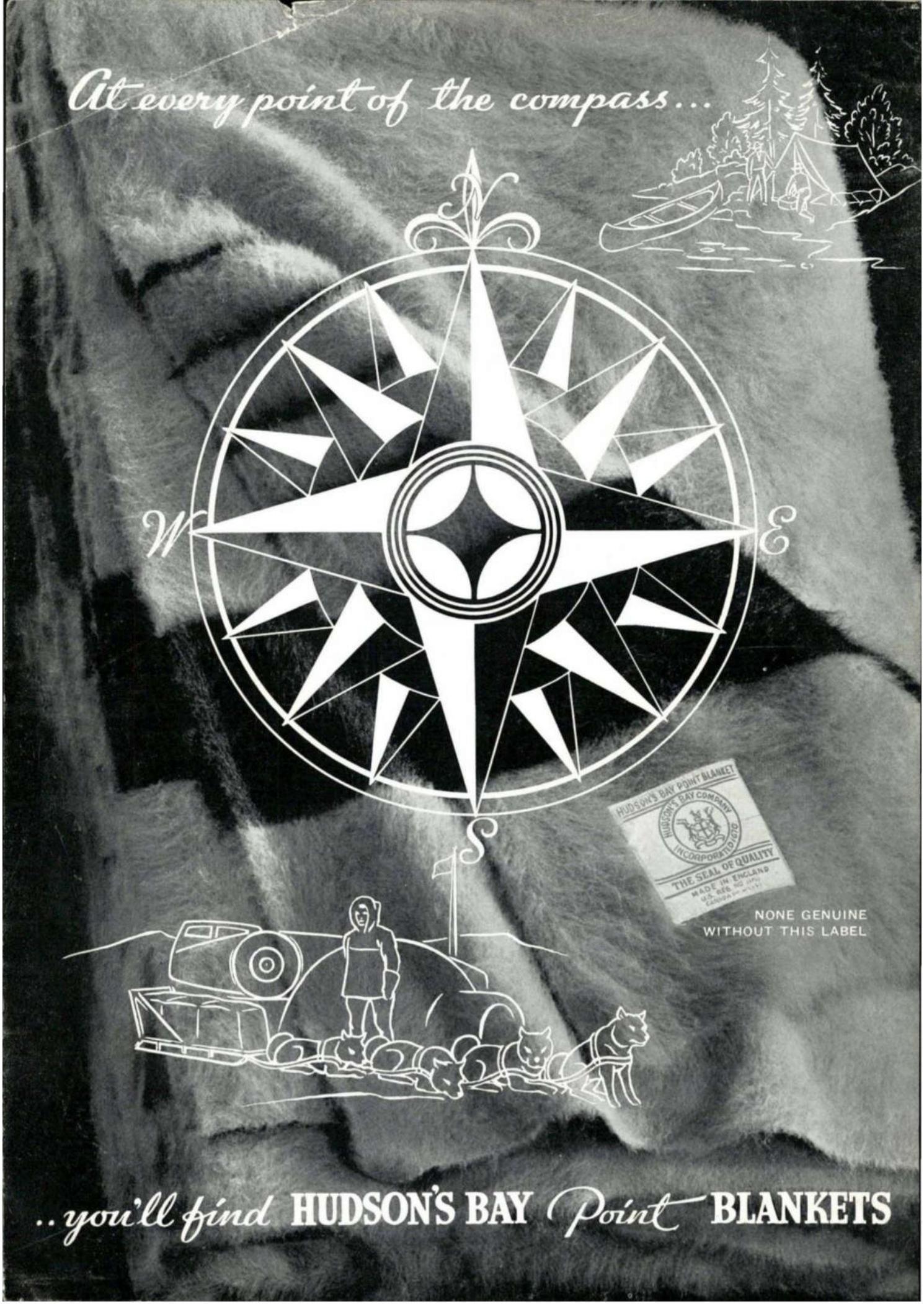
In 1702 when "Usquebaugh" was the word for whisky Hudson's Bay Company was importing the best procurable to this continent.

Today the best whisky in Scotland is bottled under the definitive label.....

Hudson's Bay
"Best Procurable"

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED A.D. 1670
The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670
HUDSON'S BAY
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY
Finest old Highland Whisky
Distilled Blended and Bottled in Scotland
Hudson's Bay Company.
CONTENTS 26⅔ OUNCES
BOTTLED IN BOND IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

The Government Liquor Control Commission is not responsible for any statement made herein as to the quality of the liquor referred to.


At every point of the compass...
N
W
E
S
HUDSON'S BAY POINT BLANKET
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
MADE IN ENGLAND
NONE GENUINE
WITHOUT THIS LABEL
..you'll find HUDSON'S BAY Point BLANKETS